SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

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NEW-YORK:
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FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

The following exquisite morceau, from the Courier and Enquirer, is too precious to the genius of our paper to be passed over, and we insert it not only for its cleverness but for the cutting truth of the satire:

The shocking audacity with which the "Cholera panic" marched into the saloons and boudoirs of fashionable society has never been exceeded, from the call of Abraham down to the present day. Without the slightest warning—without a letter of introduction—without a knock at the door, it stepped into "my lady's chamber" with the utmost *nonchalance*, deranged every lock of hair, and every plan for the summer campaign—overturned several agreeable parties *in futuro*—upset a score of elegant flirtations—broke up matches almost made up, and became the torment, the plague, the pest of fond mothers, and matronly aunts, and managing grandmothers.

This derangement of fashionable society was about to be melancholy in the extreme. The loss to milliners, tailors, stage proprietors, &c. &c. was calculated to be immense. The money laid aside to spend at Springs and Watering Places has been absolutely covered with an incrustation of rust. Until within the last few days, the spasms felt from verge to verge of the *haut ton* were awful and embarrassing: tailors and dressmakers stood aghast, with joy, perhaps, that the articles were not delivered. Only think of it—the Cholera had the impudence to threaten Saratoga, Ballston, Lake George, the Green Mountains, and every fashionable avenue—every fashionable resort. All the preparations made in band-boxés, new dresses, bonnets, coloring materials, riding equipages, went for nothing.

Terrible was the distress, however, created in the ranks of those worthy, useful, talented, patriotic young men, who know how to pick up a lady's fan with grace—present a bouquet with bought or borrowed stanzas—throw out a compliment for ori inal which had been in use since the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea—and sing an exquisite song—or serenade under a sunless sky. The *bon mots* and anecdotes—the repartees and set speeches prepared for the meridian of Saratoga, would by no means suit the pure air of New-Bedford, Long Branch, or Cape May. Wit at Ballston was dullness at the White Sulphur Springs—and *vice versa*, as a Dogberry or a dandy would say. Intimations had been thrown out that fashion would move south to the Blue Ridge, the Alleghany Ridge, or some other outlandish place, which no man of fashion in New-York ever heard of in society or saw in topography. The distress among these worthy youths was immense—they avoided all consolation and mint juleps—gave themselves up to despair and gunning—refused to eat—refused to drink—counted over their fingers and their ideas, and had the awful misfortune to find the former far exceed the latter in numbers, length, breadth, and thickness. A fashionable spasmodic cholera was beginning to creep up their legs—to discolor and distort the face—to paralyze the whole man, until the ecstatic news reached us that no impediments would or could be thrown between them and the lovely—the agreeable—the enchanting Saratoga. Who would go to the White Sulphur, or the Blue Sulphur, or the Yellow Sulphur Springs? None—not one. Some of our fashionable young men dread the very name of Sulphur—they expect enough in the next world—why anticipate the order of nature?

The *beau monde* is now rapidly recovering its wonted tone. A few have been frightened from the field—but these are beginners—mere novices, unaccustomed to the "pitings of the pitiless storm." The spirited, talented, gay, lively, experienced dashers of both sexes are determined to brave the cholera—to visit Saratoga—to see the Shakers at Lebanon—and to show the world the true energy of style and genius. Those who run away are marked down "too bad," in the true Londonderry style. Still, the cholera panic has been tremendous, and what increased the number of cases in the *haut ton* is the entire ignorance of the faculty in its pathology, the remedy and cure for the disease. Several curious prescriptions have been recommended as a great relief to the "panic." Some are secret, others are revealed. Of all that we have heard, none is more fervently recommended to fashionable persons afflicted with the disorder than a large dose of the mixture of slander taken every morning before breakfast—or every evening after supper, before retiring to rest. If there be any elegant, talented, beautiful, fascinating creature, that carries away a third part of the stars of heaven, then there is no difficulty in procuring the proper materials to prepare the anti-cholera decoction. Take one grain of senselessness, two grains of pique, four grains of illnature—mix them with her character—stir them well together in the tin pan of revenge—dance round and laugh as the witches do in Macbeth—draw it off in Champaigne glasses—swallow each a glass and go to bed.

This is a perfect cure for the cholera panic through all ranks and all classes in fashionable or would-be fashionable society. Nothing like slander in keeping off disorders—it is a specific—it ought to be protected, and Congress should look to it. So Saratoga and Ballston will yet be gay, and the Sulphur Springs of Virginia will burn blue this season.

Mrs. Royall's Paul Pry has got so deep in the mire of politics, that we, who never read any thing of the kind, have nothing left wherewith to greet our eyes, and gladden our hearts. Formerly "leetle Paul" was anything but intrusive, and was always heartily welcomed as he "popp'd in," but alas! and alack-a-day! he is so engaged in the affairs of his neighbors, that we of the cheerful mood, have to regret his in-comings more than his out-goings, [he is generally stole by a —— Republican] and do most earnestly beg and beseech his darling mother to "train him up in the way he *should* go," that his appearance may be again to our vision as "cool water to a thirsty soul."

A Wretch.—On Monday when there existed the greatest alarm from the universal ignorance, as regarded the extent of the Cholera, a being wearing the human form, either for his own edification or to excite consternation, leaped out into the middle of Greenwich-street, and voluntarily went through the first scene of an attack of Cholera. After imitating the convulsive distortions of the limbs and plunging about in apparent agony, he arose and walked off quite unconcerned, amid the lookers-on of this horribly disgusting scene. A real bona fide attack is quite too mild a punishment for such a wretch.

Raising the Wind.—From a late number of Bell's Life in London, we learn that a gentleman well known in the Sporting World has undertaken, for a wager of £2,000, to collect in the course of a year and a day, £1000, by perambulating the several counties of England, Scotland and Ireland as an *itinerant flageolet player*; he is to be accompanied by a friend of the other party, as a witness to the fulfilment of the terms of the wager. The money collected is to be given, it is said, to a charitable institution.

We recollect some few years since, a similar wager was made in Boston; a *gentleman* offered to travel from Portland, Me. to New-Orleans, La. as an *organ grinder*, and in one year to collect $1000, which he did before reaching Charleston, S. C. and was so much elated at his success, and pleased with his *business*, that he concluded to enter into the *trade* on "his own hook." He immediately employed several *journeymen*, and is, we believe, at this present time, in Kentucky, "going the whole figure." He is said to have realized a handsome fortune.

Such fellows would make capital hands to procure subscribers at the West—if this article should by chance meet the eye of any of these *musical* or rather *grinding* gentry, they may assure themselves that we have "constantly on hand" a situation for any number of them: as canvassers to obtain subscriptions in the Oregon Territory!

Sports of the Turf in Africa.—A late number of the Liverpool Courier, a very valuable paper now lying on our table, is almost entirely made up of selections from a work entitled, "Journal of an Expedition to explore the course and termination of the Niger: with a Narrative of a Voyage down that river to its termination. By Richard and John Lander, in three volumes." We regret that want of room will not allow us the pleasure of presenting but a single extract, though we find many even of a *sporting* character, that might possibly amuse our readers. The one annexed, may perhaps give *some* idea of the manner the lovers of the Turf, get up

A RACE IN AFRICA.

After a very description of the Course, the spectators, the appearance of the King and suite, the authors remark:—

"Preparations in the mean time had been going on for the race, and the horses with their riders made their appearance. The men were dressed in caps and loose robes and trowsers of every color; boots of red morocco leather, and turbans of white and blue cotton. The horses were gaily caparisoned; strings of little brass bells covered their heads; their breasts were ornamented with bright red cloth and tassels of silk and cotton; a large quilted pad of neat embroidered patchwork was placed under the saddle of each; and little charms, enclosed in red and yellow cloth, were attached to the bridle with bits of tinsel. The Arab saddle and stirrup were in common use; and the whole group presented an imposing appearance.

"The signal for starting was made, and the impatient animals sprung forward, and set out at a full gallop. The riders brandished their spears, the little boys flourished their cows' tails, the buffoons performed their antics, muskets were discharged, and the chief himself, mounted on the finest horse on the grounds, watching the progress of the race, while tears of delight were starting from his eyes. The sun shown gloriously on the robes of green, white, yellow, blue and crimson, as they fluttered in the breeze; and with the fanciful caps, the glittering spears, the jingling of the horses' bells, the animated looks and warlike bearing of their riders, presented one of the most extraordinary and pleasing sights that we have ever witnessed. The race was well contested, and terminated only by the horses being fatigued and out of breath; but though every one was emulous to outstrip his companion, honor and fame were the only reward of the competitors.

"A few naked boys, on ponies without saddles, then rode over the course, after which the second and last heat commenced. This was not by any means so good as the first, owing to the greater anxiety the horsemen evinced to display their skill in the use of the spear and the management of their animals. The king maintained his seat on horseback during these amusements, without even once dismounting to converse with his wives and children, who were sitting on the ground on each side of him. His dress was showy rather than rich, consisting of a red cap enveloped in the large folds of a white muslin turban; two under robes of blue and scarlet cloth, and an outer one of white muslin; red trowsers, and boots of scarlet and yellow leather. His horse seemed distressed by the weight of his rider, and the various ornaments and trappings with which his head, breast, and body were bedecked.

"The sport terminated without the slightest accident, and the king's dismounting was a signal for the people to disperse.

"We have here endeavored, to the best of our ability, to describe an African horse-race, but it is impossible to convey a correct idea of the singular and fantastic appearance of the numerous groups of people that met our view on all sides, or to describe their animation and delight; the martial equipment of the soldiers and their noble steeds, and the wild, romantic, overpowering interest of the whole mass. Singing and dancing have been kept up all night, and the revellers will not think of retiring to rest till morning."

Hats are now worn of so narrow a brim as to threaten to turn all the white men black. The *most fashionable* summer hats are made of wool—such are the absurdities and changes of fashion—in Philadelphia.

THE PERILS OF PENMANSHIP.

A dumb'd cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read your point hand very well—but here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can hardly tell the head from the tail.

[*Sir Stoops to Conquer.*

I wonder whether this will be legible to the printer! I marvel whether this dull prose will appear as such, or glitter in the pages of the Monthly "in the gewgaw of verse." No matter; for the sake of a thousand in my own situation I will risk all: besides, I have begun to reform! Portentous word!—what does it mean! But pshaw! I must keep that for a political article.

Among Lord Chesterfield's dogmata on minor morals is an imperative injunction to write a clear and legible hand. This was very easy for his lordship to recommend, but I should like to know if he practised what he preached. Let that, however, be as it may, this I know, that for the whole of my life I have been trying to realize his direction, without being able to arrive at its consummation. But though I cannot improve my hand-writing, I can improve Chesterfield; and when I publish an edition of his works, so far from its being a minor moral, I shall give it a breast of majority, as its importance deserves, and as the few remarks which I have here thrown together will satisfactorily prove. Whether I shall convince the world I know not; but, at all events, I preach with an honest conscience, in token whereof I am at this moment paying six guineas a quarter to a writing-master, to teach me a new mode of making pot-hooks and hangers—*ecce signum!* This is my first specimen: I hope it will not lead the printer far a-field—that he will be able to intypify the lesson I would convey, so that it may not remain, like every other written communication I have ever made, a labyrinth of black strokes upon white paper, as full of meaning, and as impossible to be understood, as an original copy of Confucius.

The foregoing observations may be looked upon in the light of a general admission. I will now come to particulars. I was almost about to say that I was born with a natural incapacity for forming those outward and visible signs of our inward thoughts, by which so much of the action of our life's drama is carried on; but, though I have read of him who "lisped in numbers," I never heard of any infant that was precocious enough to write either *billet-doux* or *lettre peremptorie* in his cradle. But alas! I cannot get over even this first stage with so consolatory a reflection; for boys can and do write, at an age when I was still laboring at the acquirement, or rather the non-acquirement, of the penmanlike employment of these "pickers and stealers."—My misfortunes, consequently, began early. My exercises were always incorrect—not *per se*, but because the master therein read any thing but that which was actually written down:—my letters home never said what I intended to say; many treats were prepared for me a week before I was able to partake of them:—I received a brilliant new pair of skaits, "at my own particular request, as it was said, on Midsummer day; and a severe reprimand for my gormandizing propensity, in asking for "peaches in March," when, as heaven is my witness, what I wrote was that my "teaching was on the march."

Things grew worse as I grew older. Once I put a whole family—father, mother, three sons, five daughters, and two maiden aunts, into deep mourning, by what I intended to be a most joyous announcement of a wedding; nor was this the worst part of the business, as they went to a face-ball in crape, and met the defunct as bride, bedecked with white satin and the rosiest of smiles; the consequence of which was that one of the five daughters, a dark beauty, and my especial favorite, never forgave me for having thus interrupted a prosperous flirtation, up to that time existing between her and a marrying baronet: he danced the whole evening with a girl dressed in *couleur de rose*—a blushing evidence that the odious black was the cause of his defalcation.

This was but one out of many disasters. A grandmother, through my ingenious hieroglyphics, received intimation that her grandson intended to cut her, because he had learnt that she was going to marry again. An octogenarian uncle vituperated me for asking for a legacy, when the outside of my demand was to be allowed to pay my respects. A maiden aunt was furious, on my congratulating her on the birth of twins, overlooking a whole line about her pretty lap-dog. Flora, which I had flattered myself I had made particularly legible; and my father, in a fit of the gout, hurried up to town, on reading that his house was burned down; when all that I had done was to tell him a comical story about an old poude, who had fainted away because the cat spit at her, and who could not be recovered till burnt feathers had been put under her nose.

So much for my youthful days; but matters got worse as I advanced towards manhood. A college friend of mine wrote a volume of poems; in my burst of enthusiastic admiration of his talents, I addressed him as follows: "Dear Charles, your volume has afforded me no despicable pleasure. It would be insulting to compare it to the trash of the day, whose only merit consists in making us feel the more grateful for your valuable, or may I say invaluable? effusions, by their contrast with such ineffable nonsense."—By return of post I received the following answer:—"Dear Jack, I lose not a moment in assuring you, that your opinion of my poor poems shall in no way militate against our friendship. Be assured, I am very far from imagining that you insult me, though it seems I do you, by offering you a volume which you find despicable from its ineffable nonsense."—Charles was never cordial with me after this, and at last dropped my acquaintance entirely, on my entreating him to permit me to point out his mistake: "That's rather too much," said he; "I won't stand upon my writing—but d—n it, I *can* read!"

The next dilemma to which my hieroglyphics reduced me was to lose a girl—and such a girl!—to whose mother I wrote, offering hand, heart, life, fortune, adoration—all I had to give—in her daughter's behalf. The respectable matron replied by forbidding me her house, and ordering her daughter to cut me. As I am not a *detrimental*, this proceeding surprised me. Soon after, the fair one married, and we became better acquainted, when I learned that my offer of marriage to her own sweet self had been interpreted by her mother into an insolent attack upon *her* immaculate and five-and-forty-year-old virtue.

On the instant I made a vow. I swore that I might write invitations and circulars, but I would print all my more tender communications, and that my next proposal should be obvious to a very tyro in the alphabet. My oath was registered—my printing-press was ordered—and a first-rate compositor engaged, to give me a two-hours lesson in the noble art of printing every morning—But the types, and the press, and the rest of the apparatus, could not be got ready in less than a week, so that for that interval, at least, it was necessary to find some occupation to divert my chagrin. What was it to be?—Well bethought!—There could be no mistake upon this subject for an epistle; so I sat down to indite a short note to ——— ———, ——'s very amiable young lady—short, decidedly short—somewhat stubby, too, like a dwarf oak—and though I now think her unquestionably pretty, at that time I had not made the discovery. I wrote simply to ask her whether she thought her father would permit me to shoot on his preserves, during a three day's visit that I was going to make in his neighborhood. I received, in reply, a hurried, quicksilver billet, from the young lady herself—the second sheet in it the moment I took it in my hand;—I could almost imagine it made of the Chinese sensitive leaf—it actually appeared to vibrate as I broke the seal. Well matched, thought I, as I glanced at the contents; for the only words I could decypher, down a long page of round-about, zig-zag, up-and-down, indescribable pen-marks, were "love" and "happiness." Well matched, indeed; for this two-worked epistle was accompanied by a most legible one from her father, accepting my proposal "for his daughter's hand" with both pride and pleasure. The old fellow seemed at once so delighted and so flattered, and "love" and "happiness" were such a pretty present from a lady to a gentleman, that, hang it! I had not the cruelty or the courage to undeceive him. It would have been too ridiculous to have laid the mistake on a hand-writing which Providence, for inscrutable purposes, always chose to make say one thing when I meant another. I therefore submitted with a good grace, married my fair correspondent, and limited my remonstrance to a modest request, made a few days after our wedding, to be allowed to see the precious manuscript which had brought us together. It was burnt. "I would have preserved the dear relic in cotton and roses," said my bride, "but it was such a scrawl that I could not read one word of it." "May I then ask," cried I, "how you knew that it was a proposal of marriage?"—"Heavens! John, how can you ask that? What else could it be, dear?"

After all, I never had reason to regret this chance-medley. My wife is a sensible, agreeable, good-tempered woman; and our sole matrimonial disaster is that we cannot read each other's letters. I confess it, to my shame, that when I became a married man I grew utterly regardless of my graphic improvment, and my printing-press was never bough. I fancied that there would be small necessity for written communications between my wife and me; and, besides, scrawl as he will, I imagined that a woman had some natural instinct bestowed on her for the purpose of making out her husband's writing. I do not know which of us wrote the most illegibly—mine is a sort of straggling, hiatus-looking scrawl, right up and down, with a flourish at intervals by way of emphasis. My wife skims over the paper, for the most part, in a meandering zig-zag, which disdains stops and paragraphs, with the additional advantage of a word being now and then dashed under—and that, of course, the most really unreadable word of the whole sentence.

What is it that I have said?—A woman can always make out her husband's writing! Fond delusion! fatal mistake! I have a hundred examples to the contrary; but two or three, I doubt not, will suffice as scare-crows. I presented her with a copy of verses on the anniversary of our marriage; and if I may be allowed to say as much in my own behalf, there were some peculiarly interesting lines amongst them: but just as I fancied her fond look was melting over tenderness, she threw them with the air of a tragedy-queen into the fire, and burst into a Belvidera-like flood of tears:—I never could learn why. I was only told that "I was a barbarous wretch," and that "I wanted to sacrifice her—a victim to my cold-blooded philosophy:" and this, too, though I did all in my power to induce her to believe in the authenticity of a copy I possessed, written in a neat round-text hand (the spelling, to be sure, a little incorrect) by my valet. I once wrote from the shooting lodge of Lord B—— for a fresh supply of gunpowder, and by the next coach received half a dozen tooth-brushes, a pound of prepared charcoal, and six wash balls. On another occasion, she was away on a visit, and having overstayed her appointed time, I wrote her a letter full of tender remonstrance; by a customary fatality she contrived in her reading of it, to height on the remonstrance and sink the tenderness, so that her answer, which was unusually hieroglyphical, dashed indignation and reproach from one end of the crowded paper to the other; at least to the best of my conscience and belief it did—but there was a post-script, and as I have often heard, and even believed that a lady's P. S. is the gist of her correspondence, I dedicated four hours and a half consecutively to the most serious study of it: after which I rose from my chair fully convinced that the only terms of renewed peace that she had to offer were that, as she was prolonging her visit on account of the hunt that was about to commence, my calumet must be tendered to her in the shape of "a habit;" after which were a multitude of mantua-making directions, from which I gleaned that the said habit was to be "blue," and "rather long;" and that, above all, to be in time, it must be at ——— by the 29th.

With this postscript I had every reason to be pleased—first, on account of my own indefatigable ingenuity that had enabled me to decypher it so correctly, and secondly, because I was able to trace in it a kindly feeling on the part of my wife, though she had chosen to read my letter wrong and then fly in a passion with her own interpretation of it: the dear creature knew how anxious I was that she should become an accomplished horsewoman, and how it pained me to see her so timid when in the saddle, and had determined, with her wonted affection, to do all in her power to meet my wishes. These reflections gave me fresh vigor; and incredible were the pains I took to procure the desired habiliments, and to have them ready in time, though the tailor protested that he had never made a habit before at such short notice. "*Omnia vincit amor*," cried I, and actually stood over him for a day and a half, counting his stitches. At last it was finished; and, determined to complete what I had so meritoriously begun, I actually took a post-chaise for the purpose of myself being the bearer of the welcome present. As ill luck would have it, however, one of the horses in the last stage fell dead lame—could not be made to move an inch for love or money—and there was I, with the superb habit, eight miles from ———. What was to be done? There was no post-house, or chance of a horse between, and the inn that we had just quitted was seven miles in the rear. "*Omnia vincit amor*," again cried I; and with the box, in which the habit was carefully packed, slung at my back, I trudged manfully forward, and positively accomplished the eight miles in an hour and forty-six minutes, which, considering that I carried weight, was what any of the Melton Mowbrays would call a pretty rattling pace, especially as there was a sharp hill to be drawn about midway. When at last I reached my wife's abode, a little before ten at night, I found that she had been waiting, as women do wait for such things in grumbling and in terror—but what boded her appearance? Her pretty, pretty feet were shod in white satin—a wreath of roses in her hair—her favorite necklace of pearl and emerald clasped round her neck—and yet all these brilliancies checked by her dressing-gown being still undoffed. "My dearest!" cried I—"The dress!" cried she. "'Tis here' 'tis here" I exclaimed; and cutting the cord impatiently asunder, I held up to view the dearly-earned habit! Good heavens! a piercing shriek burst from my wife. But the reader, no doubt, has anticipated me—it was no habit that she wrote for, but a ball-dress of "blue" and silver, with strict cautions that it was not to be "ever long."

Could any thing exceed this? Could hieroglyphic miscarriage be carried further?—Yes, yes, yes! And yet I thought I had learned caution.

Being one day unexpectedly detained at Lord ———'s to make one in a cricket match, I would not trust a letter, but sent a special messenger to tell her I should not be back till eight. At that hour I reached home, as hungry as a Cossack after a skirmish in Kamschatka, and fully expecting to find her waiting dinner for it. But no! there was no Maria; and I waited, and waited, in gloomy doubt till half past nine, when a three-cornered billet with her well known superscription was brought to me. One glance at the contents paralyzed me;—I jumped up from my seat like a madman—ordered four post-horses—and in less than a quarter of an hour was on my way to Dover, in pursuit of my faithless spouse and her seducer, filling up the time between counting the mile-stones with thinking how I would *look her* into a petrifaction and riddle him into a honeycomb. At Rochester, while I was waiting for a relay of horses, I bethought me that I would add fresh fuel to my rage (for such is the perversity of man that he hugs that which will destroy him) by again reading the dreadful missive: when, lo! a mist seemed dispelled:—as if by magic art the characters shifted and re-arranged themselves, and instead of a flight with a seducer to Dover on her way to France, the letter seemed to say that she had been "seduced" by her cousin to stay to dinner in "Dover-street," on the promise of being introduced to a most amiable lady just arrived from "France." There was but one thing under these circumstances to be done—the postboy was ordered to turn his horses' heads towards London; and as he urged them to the height of their gallop, I read and re-read the dear, fatal, misleading epistle again and again by the light of the moon that was high in the heavens in all the splendor of her fullness. As we were galloping through Dartford I observed another chaise approaching—we neared—we met!—gracious heaven, it was my wife! She saw me—I saw her; but we were both going at such a prodigious pace that to hope to be able to stop was out of the question; it seemed as if we were destined to be a kind of pair of wandering Jews, never more to be allowed to be in the same place at the same time! A scream was our only recognition, and in another moment we should again have been separated; when our good genius, alive to our miserable situation, dashed the two chaises against each other; crash went the wheels—splash went the panels—smash went the springs—and in one and the same moment we enjoyed the exquisite sensation of being upset into each other's arms.

It is impossible to narrate all that was said by us on this momentous occasion: but the resolution to which we came deserves to be recorded for the benefit of all practisers of modern hieroglyphics. "Let us forget the past, my Maria," I exclaimed; "the future is ours: this very day will I engage the most eminent writing-master that London possesses; while for you I will purchase a dozen large-text copy-books; and together we will learn to write."

WOLF HUNTING IN THE WEST.

In clearing a "pigeon hole" filled with marvellous accounts of Sea-serpents, Mammoths, Lions, Raccoons, Elephants, Eagles, Foxes, Pigeons, &c. &c. &c., we found the following interesting letter, which gives the best and most lively description of Wolf Hunting, in Illinois, that we ever recollect to have met with; it was first published, we think, in the Sporting Magazine. We recommend it to the perusal of our sporting friends.

Fort Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. June 7.

Mr. Editor:

We principally hunt, in this section of the country, the "prairie wolf," the '*canis latrans*' of naturalists, sometimes also called the "barking wolf," or "wolverine." Generally speaking, it is not longer than a common sized dog, and is more slim. Its eyes are very brilliant, its ears short, upright, and well set back. Its tail long and bushy, and darker than the body, which is a tawny grey. Its senses of sight and smell are remarkably acute. It is swift of foot and very long-winded. Wolves seldom approach the habitation of man, except when driven in by hunger. This happens oftenest during the winter, when the ground is covered with snow. They are then quite ferocious, and will attack calves and sheep, and hogs. They have been known to lay waste "fields of corn," which they are very fond of in a green state. In the summer generally, they live on prairie mice, snakes, &c. in fact whatever they can find in their wanderings like animal food. They are very destructive to deer in a hard winter, when a crust forms upon the snow, and I have been told that they will frequently drive deer into the lake, and sit down behind the sand hills on shore, watching until the exhausted animals return, and fall an easy prey to their pursuers. The large black wolf is seldom seen here; but there is a kind intermediate between it and the prarie wolf, which is not unfrequently met with. A description of this kind has not been published by any naturalist that I know of. Whether it springs from the intercourse of the large wolf and the prairie wolf, or whether it is a distinct species, I do not know. Certain it is, that they are much larger, more muscular and ferocious than the wolverine. I have never yet seen a dog that could catch and kill a wolf without assistance, though I have heard of those that could—often. The wolf will seldom give battle of its own accord, but when stopped or overtaken, it fights with all the fury of a coward driven to despair.

One day, last December, we mounted and took the field, three in number, accompanied by four couples of stag, and a leash of greyhounds. We first drew the little woods, on the east side of Chicago river, and started in it one of those midnight prowlers which I have just described. He was trailed up handsomely by the hounds, the woods echoing and re-echoing with their "loud deep notes." After seeking safety in the wood for half an hour, but finding it an unsecure retreat, he dashed out, and attempted to cross the frozen stream. But before he could reach the friendly protection of the high grass on the opposite bank, "Old Nero," the black greyhound, fastened his fangs in his haunch, and kept him in durance until the other dogs came up and completed the work. Nero was pretty well marked, though it would have been hard for a stranger to distinguish this scar among the many that seamed his "iron visage," the honorable memorials of many a hard fought conflict. Having ornamented one of the neighboring trees with the countenance of the vagrant, we continued to hunt up the river. The prairie is very level and objects can be distinguished at a great distance upon its surface, when it is as it was then, covered with snow.

About a mile and a half off, a small black object was seen upon the shining white. It was unanimously agreed to be a wolf, and our horses were urged to the utmost of their speed to cut him off from the wood, as he had smelt us, and was making for cover. It was sometime before the greyhounds saw him, but the stag hounds were coming up rapidly on his trail. As the wolf rose upon a gentle eminence in the prairie, Nero got a glimpse of him, and the "levin in its wrath" is not quicker than he started and flew—Rolla, pushing hard after, and Cora little further behind.—After a severe run of a mile, Nero ran against the wolf, and knocked him "head over heels" in the snow, and ere he could recover his footing, seized him by the neck.—Rolla and Cora soon came up to aid him.—How they fought until I came up, I don't know; but when I arrived the common hounds had throttled the unfortunate gentlemen, and so—he died. Turning to the right, among some patches of grass, one of the old dogs (Sir Walter, a most famous wolf dog, I assure you, but he cannot kill a wolf alone!) stopped, and after mature deliberation, gave notice that there was something ahead. It was a wolf's trail, and it grew warmer every instant. Having trailed about two or three miles, up jumped Barrabas a little distance before us. Hid from sight by the high grass, and favored by the difficulties of the ground, which was miry and full of holes, he gained on us a little. Eager to get up first, and moreover being somewhat too careless, I got pitched into the snow, but felt consoled, on looking up, to find that I had company. However, we were all there up in time to see the fight and death. It was a bloody affair.—Several of the dogs were well marked. Having "done enough for glory" in one day, we set out on our return home. The dogs soon gave tongue again, in a thicket beyond the river. We crossed but the trail was too cold to be followed with profit. So we called them off. But we had gone only a short distance further before they went off in full cry, and to our astonishment, stopped all of a sudden. On coming up, we found three 'coons' as they are called here, in a tree. We shook them down to the dust, "to herd with earth's meaner things," and reached home safe in wind and limbs. Your obd't. serv. J. G. F.

IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

Number Twenty.—By N. P. Willis.

My room-mate called a day or two since on Gen. Bertrand, and yesterday he returned the visit, and spent an hour at our lodgings. He talked of Napoleon with difficulty, and became very much affected when my friend made some inquiries about the safety of the body at St. Helena. The inquiry was suggested by some notice we had seen in the papers of an attempt to rob the tomb of Washington. The general said that the vault was fifteen feet deep, and covered by a slab that could not be moved without machinery. The mind of the venerable old man is evidently giving way. He has shown this often of late in the Chamber of Deputies, of which he is a member. He told us that Madame Bertrand had many mementos of the emperor, which she would be happy to show us, and we promised to visit.

At a party, a night or two since, I fell into conversation with an English lady, who had lived several years in Dublin, and was an intimate friend of lady Morgan. She was an uncommonly fine woman, both in appearance and conversational powers, and told me many anecdotes of the authoress, defending her from all the charges usually made against her, except that of vanity, which she allowed. I received, on the whole, the impression that Lady M's goodness of heart was more than an offset to her certainly very innocent weaknesses. My companion was much amused at an American's asking after the "fender in Kildare street;" though she half withdrew her cordiality when I told her I knew the countryman of mine who wrote the account of Lady Morgan, of which she complains so bitterly in the "Book of the Boudoir." It was this lady with whom the fair authoress "dined in the *Chaussee d' Antin*," so much to her satisfaction.

While we were conversing, the lady's husband came up, and finding I was an American, made some inquiries about the progress of Phrenology on the other side of the water. Like most enthusiasts in the science, his own head was a remarkably beautiful one; and I soon found that he was the bosom friend of Dr. Spurzheim, to whom he offered to introduce me. We made an engagement for the next day, and the party separated.

My new acquaintance called on me the next morning, according to appointment, and we went together to Dr. Spurzheim's residence. The passage at the entrance was lined with cases, in which stood plaister casts of the heads of distinguished men, orators, poets, musicians; each class on its particular shelf, making altogether a most ghastly company. The doctor received my companion with great cordiality, addressing him in French and changing to very good German-English, when he made any observation to me. He is a tall, large-boned man, and resembles Harding the American artist, very strikingly. His head is finely marked, his features are bold, with rather a German look; and his voice is particularly winning and changes its modulations in argument from the deep, earnest tone of a man, to an almost child-like softness. The conversation soon turned upon America, and the doctor expressed, in ardent terms, his desire to visit the United States, and said he had thought of accomplishing it the coming summer. He spoke of Dr. Channing, said he had read all his works with avidity and delight, and considered him one of the most expansive minds of the age. If Dr. Channing had not strong developments of the organs of ideality and benevolence, he said, he should doubt his theory more than he had ever found reason to. He knew Webster and Professor Silliman, by reputation; and seemed to be familiar with our country, as few men in Europe are. One naturally, on meeting a distinguished phrenologist, wishes to have his own developments pronounced upon; but I had been warned by my friend, that Dr. Spurzheim refused such examinations as a general principle, not wishing to deceive people, and unwilling to run the risk of offending them. After a half-hour's conversation, however, he came across the room, and putting his hands under my thick masses of hair, felt my head closely all over, and mentioned at once a quality, which, right or wrong, has given a tendency to all my pursuits in life. As he knew, absolutely, nothing of me, and the gentleman who introduced me knew no more, I was a little startled. The Dr. then requested me to the operation of having a cast taken of my head, an offer which was too kind and particular to be declined; and, appointing an hour to be at his rooms the following day, we left him.

I was there again at twelve the morning after, and found De Potter the Belgian patriot, and Dr. Bowring, with the phrenologist, waiting to undergo the same operation. The preparations looked very formidable. A frame of the length of the human body, lay in the middle of the room, with a wooden bowl to receive the head, a mattrass, and a long white dress to prevent stain to the clothes.—As I was the youngest, I took my turn first. It was very like a preparation for being beheaded. My neck was bared, my hair cut, and the long white dress put on. The back of the head is taken first; and I was only immersed up to the ears in the liquid plaister, this was not very alarming. The second part however, demanded more patience. My head was put once more into the stiffened mould of the first half, and as soon as I could get my features composed I was ordered to shut my eyes; my hair was oiled and laid smooth, and the liquid plaister poured over my mouth, eyes, and forehead, till I was cased completely in a suffocating mask. The material was then poured on thickly, till the mask was two or three inches thick, and the voices of those standing over me were scarcely audible. I breathed pretty freely through the two small orifices at my nose; but the dangerous experiment of Mademoiselle Sontag, who was nearly smothered in the same operation, came across my mind rather vividly; and it seemed to me that the doctor handled the plaister quite too ungingerly, when he came to mould about my nostrils. After a half hour's imprisonment, the plaister became sufficiently hardened, and the thread which was laid upon my face was drawn through dividing the mask into two parts. It was then gradually removed, pulling very tenaciously upon my eye-lashes and eye-brows, and leaving all the cavities of my face filled with particles of lime. The process is a tribute to vanity, which one would not be willing to pay very often.

I looked on at Dr. Bowring's incarceration with no great feeling of relief. It is rather worse to see than to experience, I think. The poet is a nervous man; and as long as the muscles of his face were visible, his lips, eyelids, and mouth were quivering so violent that I scarcely believed it would be possible to get an impression of them. He has a beautiful face for a scholar—clear, well-cut, finished features, expressive of great purity of thought; and a forehead of noble amplitude white and polished as marble. His hair is black and curling, (indicating, in most cases, Dr. Spurzheim remarked, activity of mind,) and forms a classical relief to his handsome temples. Altogether his head would look well in a picture—though his ordinary and ungraceful dress, and quick, bustling manner, rather destroy the effect of it in society.

De Potter is one of the noblest looking men I ever saw. He is quite bald, with a broad, ample, majestic head, the very model of dignity and intellect. Dr. Spurzheim considers his head one of the most extraordinary he has met. Firmness is the great development of its organs. His tone and manner are calm and very impressive, and he looks made for great occasions—a man stamped with the superiority which others acknowledge when circumstances demand it. He employs himself in literary pursuits at Paris, and has just published a pamphlet on "the manner of conducting a revolution, so that no after-revolution shall be necessary." I have translated the title awkwardly, but that is the subject.

I have had several long conversations with Dr. Spurzheim about America, and have at last obtained his positive assurance that he would visit it. He gave me permission this morning to say, (what I am sure all lovers of knowledge will be pleased to hear,) that he should sail for New-York in the course of the ensuing summer, and pass a year or more in lecturing and travelling in the United States. He is a man to obtain the immediate confidence and respect of a people like ours, of the highest moral worth, and the most candid and open mind. I hope my dear M. and F. that you will make our paper a vehicle for any information he may wish to convey to the public; and that you and all our friends will receive him with the warmth and respect due to his reputation and worth. If he arrive in August, as he anticipates, he proposes to pass a month or so at New Haven, and then to proceed to Boston, to commence his tour in the North.

P. S.—As I shall leave Paris shortly, you may expect but one or two letters more from this metropolis. I shall, however, as I extend my travels, find a greater variety of material's for my future communications.

N. Y. Mirror.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1832.

FOURTH OF JULY.

We had anticipated nothing but gloom and terror for a celebration of our *National Festival* but were entirely and happily disappointed. Throughout the day our streets were thronged by a gay multitude of happy beings, each joyously partaking of this or that scene of pleasure and mirth, and all exhibiting countenances of health and happiness.

The Societies and Benevolent Associations of our spirited Mechanics, marched and counter-marched through all our principal streets, making a striking display of their various devices and emblems, and showing their power in numbers, intelligence and refinement, which was indicated by the length of the procession, their neatness and decorum.

Contrary to our expectations, many came in from the neighboring towns and mingled with the gay throng with their usual gusto. The Museums and public exhibitions were continually crowded—music from the different balconies filled the city with clamorous notes and all seemed rife with frolic and delight. We had no public dinners; but many fine and choice spirits assembled in various places, and partook with chastened mirth of the bounties of the season, and the luxuries of other climes.

Sentiments were drank, songs were sung, and wit flashed, and humor rang her merry peals at each gay party, and we regret that the sacred privacy of the varied scene forbids the repetition of toasts that would grace a public table, and do honor to a patriot's heart. The cracker-firing portion of our community, the boys, commenced their glorious fun and ululations on the evening of the third and continued the rattling din throughout all the succeeding day and the following night. Myriads would parade along our cross streets, and at a given signal, open their noisy fire with an explosion of thousands and tens of thousands of these popping missiles. The streets would literally blaze with light, discovering the sly "little Johnny Horners" leaping amid the crackling explosions, half wild with joy, and fun, and mischief. Then all again was dark, and away they scampered to annoy the sleeping occupants of another quarter.

Considering all things, we have cause to congratulate ourselves that the day passed off so gaily and so differently from what our conjectures and fears early in the week had caused us to anticipate.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

We are apprehensive that our readers will have cause to complain of the saddening editorials which of late weekly fall from our pen—but our kind patrons will reflect that in giving them *Life in New-York*, we are constrained to draw a true picture of passing scenes, and though they now and then be sad and sombre, we beg that the cause of all our soberness may afford us at least the palliation of a fault, by us irremediable, and which we greatly deplore.

The forebodings which have agitated the city for some twenty days past, seemed early in the week about being realised, and produced on our community the effect to send many thousands into the country. Some have reckoned the number forty, others sixty thousand; be that as it may—we can readily perceive that our streets, gardens, theatres and hotels, exhibit rather a forlorn appearance,—while all strangers eschew the city as if devoted to the scourge of a pestilence. We gladly look forward to a re-action, when these roaming crowds of strangers and citizens will return and make us forget their absence in joy of their welcome home.

If the disease which has created the alarm be the real Asiatic Cholera, we truly have cause for great thankfulness that it has become so modified in its malignity, and so limited in its extent. The weekly report of deaths in the city has increased but very little in numbers, and is even less than it has been some years at this season. It is truly a great consolation that there is scarcely an exception to the remark that Cholera attacks only those who are intemperate in food or drink. It is marvellous how far this rule extends, as exemplified by the cases which have occurred here. This perhaps, more than any thing else, has quieted the apprehensions of those remaining in the city, and it truly affords just ground for believing that every man is safe, who has the prudence and moral courage to restrict his food and drinks to those articles, which from experience, he knows to be easily digested and unexciting.

Considerations like the above are constantly operating to drive fears and apprehension from every mind, and it would be a greater mistake to suppose that gloom and sorrow was depicted in the countenances of our citizens. It is far otherwise. Indeed we seldom have witnessed greater cheerfulness, promptitude and activity in business,—while that interchange of the common courtesies of a city life, mingled with those manifestations of enjoyment, for which New-Yorkers are particularly distinguished, has rendered Life in New-York calm, pleasant, serene, delightful.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

Thursday, 12 o'clock—noon.

"The Special Medical Council report twenty cases of Cholera Morbus, eleven of them fatal, which occurred since 12 o'clock on Wednesday."

Now this is by no means alarming when we consider that Wednesday was a day devoted to mirth and extra eating and drinking—the two last being indulged in to great excess by most of the revellers. Indeed, we question if the 5th of July any year would show a cleaner bill of health or fewer cases of Cholera, though of milder symptoms.

On Friday thirty-seven cases are reported, and nineteen deaths, most of which are traced to excesses, and a neglect of primary symptoms.

In a late Baltimore paper, the marriage of a Miss Fish to a Mr *Hook*, is mentioned. The young lady is said to be immensely rich, while her loving bridegroom is penniless. We think that the lady to bite at an unbaited hook must be an *odd* fish.

HONOR TO COMMODORE PATTERSON.—On Monday, at one o'clock, the Common Council received Com. Patterson, accompanied by the officers of the frigate United States, in the Governor's room, and there presented him with the freedom of the city in a gold box.

This is the highest compliment within the power of the City Authorities to confer on an individual, and the unanimous voice of our community favorable to the bestowment of this merited honor, gives it a value which a modest and ingenuous mind knows so well to appreciate. Com. Patterson is a native of our State, but his long absence in the service of his country, deferred until now, this pledge of the esteem of the city of New-York.

The zealous co-operation of Com. Patterson, at New-Orleans, on the distinguished 8th of January, contributed much to secure that most signal victory, and to sustain the glory of the Republic.

For his important services on that occasion, was this compliment particularly conferred.

STEAM-BOAT DEPARTURES.

There is not an every-day sight in New-York that attracts greater crowds, or that affords more room for observation, than the departure of our large and well-filled Steam-Boats.

The anxious looks of the thronging passengers—the keen watching after trunks and hand boxes—the bustle and hurry of porters and waiters—the quick delivery of budgets and letters—the greetings and farewells of acquaintances—the hearty squeeze of intimate friends—the full eyes of parting sisters and mothers—the quaint salutes of noisy wags—the unconcern of old travellers—the affected at home-ness of the novice—the squalls of children and infants—the *brusque* movements of rude boys—the mincing step of fashion's votary—the rushing brush of a new silk—the ineffable strut of a cockney upstart, and the *sang froid* of a "river man,"—altogether form a medley characteristic of the times.

These and a hundred other incidents, render the scene interesting on all occasions; but during the past week the whole thing has taken a deeper interest, and awakens moral emotions that no man, with the proper feelings of a man, can or would subdue. The fear of the Cholera has hastened thousands into the country, and there is scarcely any mode of leaving the city but by Steam-Boats. During Monday and Tuesday it seemed as if the whole population were taking flight, and we found ourselves irresistibly wending our way towards the wharves from whence the boats leave for the North and East.

Carriage after carriage came ladened with strangers and whole families of our citizens, all destined for the country. The strangers and single individuals seemed elate with joy the moment they set foot on deck—but with the families it was far different, for in most cases the father was left behind to continue his business in the face of the dreaded malady, and if there is one scene more touching than another, it is the leave-taking between father and wife and children under such circumstances—and he must be a wretch indeed who can view the domestic group and not catch the prevailing tenderness that characterizes the touching spectacle.

We would not be sentimental, and must eschew even the appearance of that mawkish style, which wise resolution compels us to close our article lest we describe "a sight we saw."

NEW INVENTION.—An honest Pennsylvania farmer was recently hauled up in Philadelphia for having contrived to fatten a large lot of chickens which he brought into market on downright air, instead of the more substantial diet prescribed by established usage. This he had effected by introducing the nose of a pair of bellows into the mouths of his fowls, and giving them a thorough "blowing up," thereby imparting to the said fowls an appearance of remarkable plumpness and fatness—an appearance which their actual value did not by any means warrant. For this little exercise of his ingenuity, the operator narrowly escaped the vengeance of his honor the Mayor, who seemed to entertain strong doubt of the utility of the invention. We believe, however, he finally escaped the persecution which has so universally attended and followed all great discoveries, from those of Columbus down to the invention of horn gun-flints.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.—The number for to-day, of this valuable "Journal of Literature and the Fine Arts," contains, in addition to an unusual choice variety of select Miscellanea, (being the commencement of Vol. X.) two beautiful engravings on steel, by Messrs. Smillie and Durand, from paintings by Weir; the first is a chaste and finely conceived Vignette Title-Page, and the second a delicious Wood Scene at Hoboken, both of which reflect great credit on the talented artists, and show the rapid progress made in this heretofore too much neglected department of the Fine Arts. The glimpse of New-York, through the deep foliage near the Elysian Fields, giving us a bird's eye view of our noble bay, the Battery, the tiny spires, and "masts of every cline," is executed with the utmost skill and delicacy of a master in his happiest moments of inspiration.

The articles, too, in this number, which are all, we believe, original, evince good taste in the choice of subjects, aside from their intrinsic literary merit. In a word, the Mirror prefers a strong claim on the efficient support of the community, both from the high standing and talents of its contributors, and the just discrimination and enterprize of its publishers.

FISHING AND TICKLING.—The Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph remarks, in his last paper, that editors have a way of "fishing for compliments," by speaking well of their contemporaries, or seemingly saying to use his own expression,—"Tickle me and I'll tickle you." We partially agree with him, and if he has no objection, as he has frequently "tickled" us, we'll do the same for him.

THE GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH—edited by a clever fellow—just enlarged and otherwise much improved—very fine paper now—one of your real good 'uns—his politics he don't know—glad to see him here—he's a knowing un—displays great taste in his selections—generally *hooks* an 'item' or so from us—has a great circulation we hear—glad of it—ss "well to do"—hope he is rich—wonder if he's married—hope he'll keep cool, but not FREAS.

[If this feather should fail to tickle him, he has only to turn it round and *run it backwards*.]

A MALE FEMALE,

OR GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

A late number of the Boston Gazette, contains the following paragraph:—"We are informed that some excitement has been produced among the shop-keepers in Washington street, within a few days, by the appearance of a very handsome female dressed in fashionable male apparel. She does her shopping gracefully, is said to be accomplished in her manners—plays delightfully on the piano-forte, and is supposed to be from a *popular establishment* in New-York. Have any of the editors of that city missed such a *creature?*"

The New Bedford Gazette adds the annexed:—"We learn that the individual alluded to, came passenger in the New-York boat which arrived in Providence on the 24th ult. in company with a gentleman in the uniform of a Naval officer, and departed for Boston."

Of this second Ourang Outang, or man monster, as some of the Down-Easters would make him out, the Boston Transcript of last Saturday remarks:—"Our city has been in some ferment for a day or two past, on account of a report that a female was perambulating the streets, appearing at hotels and public places, in male attire. This morning, the person suspected was compelled by a mob of boys to take refuge in a house in Water-street. A mob of men was soon collected, and for nearly two hours from 1500 to 2000 persons surrounded the premises, all anxious to see the supposed woman. The proper authorities interfered, and the persecuted *man* was safely conducted to his boarding house.

"He certainly has a very effeminate appearance, and no one would doubt, being previously told so, that he was a woman in disguise. He resides, we understand, at New-York, and has there suffered much inconvenience from his unfortunately girlish appearance. He is of respectable connexions, and is here on a visit. On his arrival he took up his residence at the Tremont House, which he was compelled to leave by the impudent intrusion of the waiters,—whose curiosity overpowered their sense of duty,—on his privacy. We hope that we shall hear no more of this matter. That the young man is of very effeminate appearance is his misfortune; and that he *is* a man, we hope he will prove, by knocking down the first scoundrel that insults him."

Good! we second Mr. Walter's wish with our *entire fist*. The young gentleman noticed above is well known to us and many of our city readers, as a confectioner of some considerable notoriety in Broadway. They may possibly recollect a young man on account of whose questionable appearance, a row was "kicked up" at the American Theatre, last winter. This is the person alluded to: he was most grossly insulted while seated on the front seat of the stage box, for no other reason than the want of *the brass, the whiskey*, or rather the impudence so characteristic of a class of brainless bipeds, who push themselves into many of our public places of resort. We, however, shall lose a portion of our sympathy for the unfortunate fellow, if he does not give Saunders' his fee for using the shears pretty freely among his "glossy curls," and would also recommend him to fish without his cap and gloves a day or so off the Battery—twould improve his complexion amazingly. Attend Fuller's Gymnasium a quarter—learn the *science*, my boy, and our word for it, you will not be troubled. "Good Scotch knocks" Quentin Durward taught was the best remedy for officiousness in most cases, and truly a *right handed teazer* on a fellow's *crowdy trap*, or a *slashing job* on his *ovle*, will more than anything else, make him "*stay put.*" "If it don't, I'll be"—" but don't mention it."

MRS. TROLLOPE'S "DOMESTIC MANNERS OF AMERICANS."—This work has afforded Americans scarcely less amusement than it may have done the loyal subjects of the Defender of the Faith. The garrulous old lady has so mingled the true and false, the little and great, the grave and ridiculous, that her work meets a ready sale, and so much so, that an edition of her gossip has made its appearance this side of the Atlantic.

The American editor has added a preface, in which he has given a very ingenious dissertation on the possibility, nay probability that Madam Trollope and Capt. Basil Hall are one and the same person. The Editor perhaps exhibits more earnestness and feeling than the subject deserves, and meets the futile slanders of this "twin pair" with a retorted severity that partially deprives his happy thought of its otherwise cutting irony.

It is however a very clever and humorous article, but quite too long for its entire insertion in our columns. We give room to the closing paragraph, premising that the worthy Captain is called in the literary circles of London, Capt. *All*.

"Some persons, of no contemptible sagacity, have hinted to me the possibility of Capt. All being Mrs. Trollope, instead of Mrs. Trollope being Capt. All. The idea is feasible, and deserves a passing examination, although the result is of little or no consequence; for whether the Captain is Mrs. Trollope, or Mrs. Trollope the Captain, concerns only the English ladies, who will doubtless be grateful to *me* for attempting this vindication of their manners and character. That they are one and the same is certain, but I confess there is some difficulty in ascertaining the sex of these twin gossips. When I listen to the garrulous foppery of the Captain, I feel irresistibly inclined to pronounce him to be Mrs. Trollope, or some old woman in the disguise of a man; but when I listen to the coarse delineations, the indelicate allusions, and tobacco chewing stories of Mrs. Trollope, I am as irresistibly drawn to the conviction that it is some conceited ignorant Jack tar, breaking his forecastle jests, with a chew of tobacco in his mouth, and his canvass hat knowingly adjusted to one side of his head. Thus am I again brought back to the region of doubt, and thus am I obliged to leave the subject to the industry of some future inquirer. Enough I trust hath been said to prove to the satisfaction of every impartial reader, either that Capt. Basil All is Mrs. Trollope, in breeches, or that Mrs. Trollope is Captain Basil All, in petticoats.

MR. VAN BUREN'S ARRIVAL.—The packet ship New-York reached the capes on Thursday, and on Friday Mr. Van Buren landed at Staten Island and arrived at the City Hotel during the evening.

The good taste and deference to public feeling manifested by this distinguished gentleman, in thus quietly, without show or parade, making his entrance into our city, does him great honor.

A LAUNCH.—During a shower in Portland last week, a one story house, situated at the head of Merrill's Wharf, on rising ground, had its underpinning washed away, and was precipitated to the foot of the hill, and nearly into the dock—a descent of about fifteen feet. Three or four persons were in the house at the time, and enjoyed the slide uninjured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the packet ship New-York, Capt. Hoxie, which arrived off our coast on Tuesday, the editors of the Journal of Commerce have received their files of London papers to the 30th of May, and Liverpool to the 1st of June—being eight days later than our previous advices.

Hon. MARTIN VAN BUREN, Ex-Minister to the Court of St. James, comes a passenger in the New-York.

The intelligence of leading interest furnished by this arrival is that of the passage of the Reform Bill through the committee of the whole in the House of Lords, on the 30th of May, without amendment, and almost without opposition. It was then postponed to the 1st of June.

Sir James Mackintosh, a distinguished statesman and philosopher, died in London on the 30th of May, in the 66th year of his age.

The Cholera appears to be slowly abating in Ireland. The whole number of cases reported in that country is 6,211; deaths 1,863.

A great portion of the Catholics of Ireland have come to a fixed determination to pay no more tithes, and to refuse to purchase property distrained for the payment of tithes. At a late sale of distrained cattle, there were present, in addition to a large military force, about 100,000 people, who dispersed quietly and without the least attempt at violence.

M. Casimir Perier, late Prime Minister of France, died recently in Paris; and the King now performs the duties of that office in person. Various disturbances have taken place in different parts of France, and no doubt exists of their having been fomented by the partisans of the family of Charles X, who appear to be industriously engaged in endeavoring to excite a counter-revolution.

The members of the House of Deputies who are opposed to the line of policy pursued by the present cabinet recently held a meeting in Paris for organization, and for arranging the course to be pursued in future. An address to the people of France was resolved on, and a committee of six, among whom are La Fayette and Odillon Barrot, was appointed to draw up this document.

A new revolution has taken place in Greece, which has resulted in the virtual expulsion of the President, Count Augustus Capo d'Istrias, and the formation of a new provisional government.

The Pacha of Egypt is still vigorously prosecuting the siege of St. Jean d'Acre—a place famous for stopping the victorious progress of Bonaparte in his Asiatic campaign. The Pacha had recently made an assault on the fortress, but without success; and has since marched with the greater part of his army to prevent a junction between the Pachas of Damascus and Aleppo, who were marching to oppose him. A fleet of 17 sail had left Alexandria to reinforce the army of Ibrahim Pacha; while on the other hand the Sultan had just dispatched a fleet of 40 sail to the coast of Syria to oppose the Egyptian forces.

DEATH OF CUVIER.—That distinguished naturalist and philosopher Baron Cuvier, died lately in Paris, leaving his last great work but half-finished. It was the History of Fishes, and had extended to nine volumes. The great anxiety of M. Cuvier immediately before his death was to complete this work, on which he had for a long been engaged.

His other writings consist chiefly of his celebrated treatise on Comparative Anatomy—his work on Fossil Bones and the history of the Animal Kingdom, which are all monuments, more durable in their nature, than any thing which his admirers can erect over his remains.

Hush—don't tell!—It is thought somebody will be married ere long—if they don't miss of it—Can't say whether they will or no. *Stolen.*

No! you don't say so, though? howd'ye hear?

A Mr. James Hogg, of North Carolina, was lately married to a Miss Mary Woolen. A very thoughtless girl, this Mary Woolen. She suffered herself to be *sheared* at an unlucky period: as wool at present, is only worth about thirty cents per. lb.—She will now, probably, "go the whole *Hogg*." *Ib.*

A MUVY *fine wife*. A Mr. *Bread* of Vermont lately married a Miss *Cheese*.

They intend, we presume to *take boarders*.

OMINOUS.—It is a curious fact—we will not say coincident—that three of the physicians of Philadelphia have the following uninviting names:—Dr. *Physic*, Dr. *Slaughter* and Dr. *Graves*.

IMPORTANT—IF TRUE. We learn that 'items' have been found a good Cholera preventive—hope our brethren will look to it.

DIVIDENDS,

Declared for the last six months.

Bank of America	3 per cent.
Atlantic Insurance Company	5 per cent.
North River Bank	3 1-2 per cent.
Manhattan Company	3 1-2 per cent.
Ocean Insurance Company	6 per cent.
New-York Dry Dock Company	3 per cent.
Merchants' Fire Insurance Co.	3 1-2 per cent.
Howard Insurance Company	4 1-2 per cent.
Merchants' Exchange Bank	3 1-2 per cent.
Marchants' Insurance Company	3 1-2 per cent.
Franklin Insurance Company,	4 per cent.
Neptune Insurance Company	6 per cent.
New York Insurance Company	5 per cent.

☞We are just informed that counterfeit $5 bills on the Tradesmen's Bank are in circulation. We have no particulars, but give this as a *caution*. They are marked letter A. and the paper is indifferent.

Lord Anglesey at Waterloo.—Napoleon made a last effort in a position before Planchenois, to rally the fugitives, and ordered a battery which he found there to fire upon the British cavalry, which was rapidly advancing with Lord Anglesey at its head. The gallant chief of the British cavalry, conspicuous through the day from his splendid uniform, and the prodigal intrepidity with which he led in person to the charge, drew upon him the attention and admiration of the enemy. French officers have declared, in a tone of mournful remembrance, that he recalled, at the moment, to their imaginations, the brave and unfortunate Murat. The last French fire, commanded in person by Napoleon, carried away Lord Anglesey's leg.

GINGER BEER.—Boil a handful of hops in two quarts of water for an hour—take half a pint of bakers' yeast, a quart of molasses, and five table spoons full of ginger tied up in a linen cloth—Strain the hop-water hot upon the ginger, &c. and then add five gallons and a half of cold water—for a greater or less quantity, vary the ingredients in proportion. It made in the evening, it will be ready for bottling in the morning. It should not be corked too tight for fear of bursting the bottles.

"ITEMS." Every thing has its day. "Items" have been running their little round of popularity for some time in the papers—but as saith the Camden Journal, they are now "running *emptyings*." Some of them appear to be running something worse still. For our own part, we have driven quite a thriving trade in the item manufactory; but as we have "done enough for glory" in that line, and have no *protective duty* to support us, we must abandon the business to the free traders.

Thus saith Edward of the Lowell Journal—sorry for it, Ned; you had better reconsider, for you was a *cute 'un*, though we say it that should not say it, yet must say it if 'tis said—"abandon the business," indeed! Poor fellow, "*sic transit*" &c. Good bye!

N. B. Is the Cholera in Lowell? drink water, dear, or *you're a "goner sucker."*

From the Vermont Patriot.

The last N. Y. Spirit of the Times came to us in rather a "questionable shape." The following item accounts for it:

"We are indebted to the Camden Journal for several of the following items—but, friend Daniels, don't imagine we intend paying for them—Ned Purdy and Hugh Moore will "use 'em up" by way of reprisal; for we *sort of took a few of theirs one day*. Dont mention it."

Well that ll do pretty considerable well. Mum is the word. We should like to take a pot of *Porter* with our worthy brothers; and un-*Locke* the door that opens to the room of our best jokes. Phabus! they are *dry* ones at present.

In accordance with the "Spirit of the Times," we took the *Locke* off our closet on the glorious 4th, and of course our *Porter* is nearly "used up," though we have only to run up the "Patriot" *Hill* to get *More!*

IMPORTANT.—A machine has lately been invented to kill bed bugs. By the application of steam power, ten thousand may be killed per minute—if you can catch them. There's the *bite*. *Ib.*

Aye! and the *rub*, too.

☞Perhaps we have some readers who may not be sufficiently acquainted with the characters alluded to below, fully to appreciate the humor of the extract, but few can fail to enjoy the satire, and just rebuke so cuttingly applied to the venerable spinster. 'Tis the cleverest article we have met with on this topic, and stings like a wasp.

A LEAF FROM MRS. TROLLOPE'S MEMORANDUM BOOK:

Found among papers, accidently left at her lodgings.

New-York is rather a charming little city, containing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, mostly black. The streets are altogether monopolized by these sons and daughters of Africa, who take the wall of you on all occasions; and it would be entirely useless as well as extremely dangerous, to notice any insult which they may offer you, as they all carry long daggers concealed in their bosoms, and use them, too, with utter impunity, under the very nose of the public authorities. Indeed, I once saw a little black boy carried to bridewell for stealing, and that very afternoon the whole negro male population turned out in a procession, consisting of twenty thousand, with banners, which bore the words, "Wilberforce Philanthropic Society." From this I presume, the boy's name was Wilberforce; at all events, the court of sessions (which, by the way, is here held in a little grocery store in William street, called *Harmony Hall*,) acquitted the culprit, in consequence of the sensation his imprisonment had produced. This took place in the month of August, and so great was the alarm, that immense numbers fled from the city, fearing another *insurrection*. Whole families departed at once. The steamboats (of which there are two tolerably good ones, one plying to Albany, the other to New-Orleans on Long Island,) were every day crowded with trembling passengers, who sought refuge from the bloody and atrocious scenes which yearly disgrace the streets, and retired to Saratoga, Communipaw, Brooklyn in New-Jersey, Charlestown in North Carolina, and Greenwich village on Lake George. Scarcely a single night pass's without the negroes setting two or three of the houses on fire, with the view of destroying the inhabitants. As the best mansions are made of light pine wood, it may be easily imagined that they are unusually combustible; but fortunately, the city of New-York has really a most copious supply of water, which prevents much damage.

Their theatres are positively amusing, and I must say I laughed very heartily, although to confess the truth, it was only at their tragedies and operas. The Park theatre was originally an old barn; its outside is disgraceful, and the interior more so. It has been burnt down *fourteen times*, probably by the religious party, which form the majority, and have now elected Jackson to the presidency. The establishment stands opposite the Roman Catholic cathedral, and is under the management of Hyson and Denise. I am indebted to my kind friend for many of these particulars. He knows that I am writing a book of travels, and although himself only an American, has kindly volunteered his services to collect materials for me, given me sketches of character and authentic anecdotes, and corrected, with the most scrupulous care, all my geographical and topographical illustrations, in which the reader may consequently repose the most implicit reliance.—The theatre, however, has two or three tolerably decent performers. Mr. Barnes is the principal tragedian. I saw him one evening in Romeo to Mrs. Keppel's Juliet, and I must say, I thought his conception of the character rather good. He is quite small, with large melancholy eyes, and features expressive of tenderness and passion.—Mrs. Keppel, as Juliet, was not sufficiently poetic, but was nevertheless pretty well. This was, however, afterwards satisfactorily accounted for by the discovery that she was an English lady. I afterwards saw Mr. Hilson as Young Norval. The greatest attraction they have, however, is Mr. Pewey, a distinguished vocalist. He plays the Prince, in Cinderella, and Massaniello quite delightfully—all the rest are not worth mentioning. A fellow by the name of H. Placide undertook to personate the Baron, but I was thoroughly disgusted. There are some peculiar customs prevailing among the audience here, which are apt to provoke a smile on the lips of a rational stranger.—All their ladies dress in the most tasteless and extravagant style, and yet betray the most incontrovertible evidences of vulgarity, sitting on the banisters with their backs to the stage, between the acts, eating Carolina potatoes, and drinking ginger pop. This is done every night at the Park, and some good society females smoke "long nines," with a degree of audacious ease and familiarity that are really shocking. The American theatre is a large wooden building in Green street, Third Avenue, next door to the United States bank—Richmond hill is down town.

One thing which must strike all strangers of intelligence with astonishment, is the *newspapers*. There are three hundred daily papers printed in the city, and sixty weekly's. People never think of reading anything else. Here are their poetry, their sermons, their lectures, their history, their music, their novels, all compressed within the limits of newspapers. It is strange that they are all conducted by men who have already been greatly distinguished in other professions. Major Noah, of the American, was once consul at Paris. Mr. Leggett of the Courier and Enquirer, was a commodore in the Navy. Col. King, and Alderman Charles Hoffman of the Journal of Commerce, Capt. Sands, and Gen. Stone of the Gazette, and Brother Jenks and Redwood Fisher of the Daily Advertiser, (noted Jackson-men and excellent poets!) and Col. Morris of the Mirror, (the leading political journal) are all old revolutionary heroes. It is supposed that the election of Jackson was entirely owing to the exertions of the Albion, and that gives it an overwhelming influence. Alderman Charles Hoffman is a very gifted and industrious young man. He edits the Rail-road Banner of Truth, and the Journal of Commerce, and acts as district attorney. He is also a judge of the superior court, and besides carries on an extensive auction business.

N. Y. Mirror.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

The different Theatres have the present week brought to a close their spring season, which in the main has been a successful and brilliant one. We will not detain our readers by rehearsing the variety of entertainments that have been presented. Opera has followed opera at the Park, supported by the talent and popularity of Messrs. Sinclair, Horncastle, Jones, Mrs. Austin and Miss Hughes. At the American, Miss Clifton and Miss Vincent have been winning honours to themselves and fortune to the Manager in tragedy, while Blanchard, the personification of drollery and the prince of good fellows, has indebted us to him for many a hearty laugh and whimsical reminiscence. At the Richmond Hill a host of young debutants have "trod the stage," and the New-Yorkers have again had opportunity to applaud their old favorites, Mrs. Barnes, and Mr. and Mrs. Hilson. Attractions like these have not passed unheeded or unrewarded.

Some alterations have taken place of late in the several "troupes." The Park has lost the powerful aid of Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore, and more recently Old Barney himself has taken leave, in a crowded benefit, of the boards on which he had appeared for sixteen years with daily increasing popularity. Since our last we have had occasion to regret the retirement from the stage of one who for some years has been the delight of our theatrical world—we refer to Mrs. Hamblin.—Her varied talents are not, however, to be lost to her profession. We insert her Card:

"Mrs. HAMBLIN most respectfully announces to her friends and the ladies and gentlemen of N. York, Boston, Philadelphia, &c. that, having for the present retired from the stage, she is anxious to devote a few leisure hours to the instruction of that art which it is her pride to say she has for nearly seven years exhibited to the satisfaction and delight of an American public. All necessary information can be obtained from Mrs. H. between the hours of one and two, at her residence, 153 Broadway."

The Park is now closed, but will re-open on the 9th inst. The American is still open, and is constantly bringing out its strongest attractions; but we fear the Cholera and the hot weather will prove too much for them. It must seem unnatural for Miss Vincent to play to empty boxes; but it is not to be avoided, we fear. Her benefit takes place on Monday. It will at least serve as an excellent test of the extent of the general gloom and alarm.

REV. C. C. COLTON.

This gentleman, the celebrated author of "*Lacon*," recently committed suicide at Fontainbleau in France, by shooting himself with a pistol. He took away his own life, as it is stated, in order to avoid a horrible surgical operation, which had become necessary to sustain his existence. It has been supposed by many that he is the author of the celebrated "P. P. C." letters to the editor of the London Morning Chronicle; but, as these letters are continued since his decease, the author's claim can no longer be ascribed to him.

Perhaps no man ever possessed a better tactical writing than the Rev. Mr. Colton; and perhaps no man ever more abused his faculties, or capacity more essentially in his practice from his preaching. His *Lacon* has been considered a model of imitation for more authors than perhaps any other work extant. Even the poor "item" makers of the present day attach a double consequence to any wandering thought which may chance to resemble Lacon, even though it may be one among a thousand which Lord Timothy Dexter would have despised.

As the Rev. Mr. Colton has gone beyond the reach of either praise or detraction, an impartial sketch of the leading incidents of his life may not be uninteresting. He was a fellow of Kings's College, Cambridge, and afterwards minister at Kew. He wrote several small works of little note, but in 1820 he published his celebrated Lacon, which commanded universal admiration.—Perhaps no book extant contains more moral lessons in fewer words. For a while he was quite successful in his ministry; but he soon took to gambling and other extravagancies, and became involved in debt so that he was obliged to leave England. He came to the United States where he continued some time, and then went to France. He there soon became a well known frequenter of the gaming saloons of the Palais Royal; and at one time acquired an immense fortune. But that reverse which so frequently befals gamblers overtook him, and he subsequently became bankrupt. He has been for about seven years living at Paris in the most public extravagance among what are denominated the hells of living monuments of the vice of gambling; and he has at last finished his unhappy career, and given vent to his dying moments to the following language, which we find in his Lacon:

"The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss; and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven.—*Lacon, Note.*

ANECDOTE OF CAPTAIN MACNAMARA.—At a period when this gentleman's reputation for duelling was so great, that his very name was supposed to inspire terror, he was walking in Vauxhall Gardens, accompanied by two ladies. Their beauty was so considerable, that it attracted the attention of all the promenaders, but particularly that of an individual, who followed them, and loudly expressed his admiration in very offensive terms. Macnamara remonstrated with him, in an extremely gentlemanly manner, and requested him to desist; but the fellow persisting, he was compelled to speak more fully, and to require his card. "My card," repeated the bully, "ay, you shall have it;" and drawing it forth in a very ferocious manner, thrust it into Macnamara's hands. Turning towards the light, that gentleman read on it, to his infinite surprise, *Captain Macnamara, Fenton's Hotel*—his own name, address and card, which by some chance or knavery had fallen into the ruffian's hands, and which he had considered of sufficient efficacy to extricate him from the consequences of any impertinence he might choose to commit.

Most of those who have wandered as far as the genial south, are aware, that Catalini has established a school for 20 indigent young vocalists, on her estate near Florence. She has recently launched one of them upon the precarious stage of histrionic life, where she will make her appearance under the name of Masselli Catalini. The Parisian Opera will be the scene of her debut. It is one of the obligations imposed upon the scholars thus brought up by Catalini, to affix the name of their benefactress to their patronymic.

A GENUINE MEMBER.—"Haste ye, and give me something," said a man in black, as he hurriedly entered a druggist shop a few days ago. "I have something here," laying his hand on the upper buttons of his vest, "that sadly troubles me; an emetic, an emetic," he cried out, surprised that the druggist was not in as great haste as himself. The druggist fearing he had by some mistake taken arsenic, administered the desired emetic, which soon produced its usual effects. The man in black then felt more at ease to answer the druggist's questions. "Have ye taken anything?" said the druggist. "No," said the man in black, "but I was at a funeral, and thinking the servant was wine, I drank my glass off, but have since found it was rum, and as I am a member of the Temperance Society, my conscience would not feel at ease till I had got the nauseous stuff ejected."

Edinburg Courant.

ACTION FOR DAMAGES.

A few days since in one of the back slums of this proverbially dirty, yet beautiful metropolis, a servant boy fell an inch too much outside the threshhold of his master's door, but with the return caresses or frolic cannot be precisely ascertained. The latter, however, was most probable, as the people united to a peal of laughing from eyes, a most knowing curl of the upper lip, and was answered a late import from the land of wit and blunder. The boy was only a few months in his new location, when a full blown, wall eyed dandy, with a radical castor, ruffled frill, and a pair of spick and span tailor-made pantaloons, came dancing down the street, probably on his way to a tea party. But alas, those odors are the worst purposes of man frustrated by a trivial, and if foreseen, easily avoided circumstance. Our dandy was engaged in adjusting the collar of his coat or vest, or his shirt, or in the voluntary opening of his vest, in consequence of the accident I last going to relate, it was discovered that he was completely and resident of the English addition, and in imitation of the Paris fashion, wore nothing but dicky and wrist—well as I was saying he was bringing the extremities of his collar to an elegant conjunction on the tip of his chin, when unfortunately the toe of his proper curve in contact with the inferal ash box, and poor Dandy, found himself at the same instant most unceremoniously lodged in the puddle; and to make bad worse, his unanimously hat, as if unconscious of the owner's rather unexpected detention, kept moving on its journey at no very measured pace of its own accord. Our bewildered hero of the shirtless collar, after groaning for about two minutes under the mud, contrived in spite of the unfeasibility of his buddice, to place himself again in the proper position of a man, that is, with his head towards the heavens, and his feet vice versa—when after exhaling through his nose three pecks of pure American gentleman, he hastily looked around for the cause of his somerset. The ill omened ash box was soon discovered, and worse than all the very fountain head of his misfortune stood leering against the half door, almost convulsed in a fit of laughter at the event. A very humorous dispute—

"William," exclaimed the enraged gentleman, "do you know who I am."

"No in truth savie, and if a body wanted to learn your name, it is'nt on the tail of your shirt—he'd be after finding it."

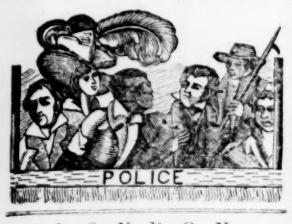
"Impudent villian," roared the indignant dandy, (at this allusion to the deficiency of his ward robe,) "if there's a lawyer in christendom, I'll bring an action against the premises, to-morrow."

"Och, then its your worship, that's a most unreasonable creature to talk of bringing an action when its evident to every sensible body that you have received the *damages* already."

This retort fairly staggered the disciple of Mr. Snout, who, to escape the home thrusts of Pat, and the horse laughs of some dozen most sympathising spectators, very prudently followed his hat, leaving nothing behind save the memorial of his misfortunes in the puddle.—*N. Y. Traveller.*

CHOLERA AND QUACKERY.—A FACT.

Some years since, a notorious quack, was sentenced to four years imprisonment in New Jersey, for steaming a young woman to death, in order to cure her of a head ache; and the most inveterate slanderers of the healing art, will not dare to assert he could have applied a more effectual remedy. A few weeks since, a young gentleman of this city who remembered the occurrence, being in Montreal, was one morning perambulating the street, where he observed a dashing cholera placard over a door, setting forth in very fascinating characters of red and blue, that the celebrated Doctor ——— had returned from a tour through Europe, where he had made the treatment of the cholera his peculiar study; and that nearly all his endeavors to eradicate that complaint had proved successful. Prefixed to this announcement was a list of credentials—cures—letters of thanks, and in fact every thing that was likely to pack the money out of a credulous man's pocket. While the gentleman was yet reading, he observed a vinegar-visaged healthy personage about to enter the door, whom he at once recognised as the quack that had imprisoned in Jersey, and whose period of confinement had only lately expired. He at once accosted him, and after some hesitation, learned that he was the identical Esculapius of the placard—with, at the same time, an humble solicitation that the gentleman would not ruin his trade by exposing him. Mr. ——— not having any personal animosity against the man, and also wishing to see a little into his plan of operation, agreed, and even accepted an invitation to crack a bottle of brandy in the doctor's drawing room. This they performed with such diligence, that before the evening was done, the quack, who's appearance man would term, "blind drunk;" but which, according to the London technicalities was only sailing his frigate in deep water with her sails set. While in this state, he threw out several hints, such as "devilish good stratagem to gull fools"—"fine excuse for a gentleman who has been imprisoned, to say he was making a fortune"—"a fig for the constables, when once out of the confounded sons, has head becoming rebellious, fairly disorganized the equilibrium of his shoulders and legs, and after making two or three heavy lurches to port, left the poor doctor at length under the table. In this position he lay the remainder of the day and night, growling like a bear in the mulligrubs, before the strength of his libation had evaporated. But the sun had scarce by risen when he jumped from his newly vocation, and having brushed and washed away from his person all appearance



LONDON.

At the Mansion House, Peter Whackerell, a gaunt, cadaverous-complexion grave-digger, was yesterday brought before Alderman Sir Chapman Marshall, for having assaulted William Hanson, a little bandy-legged chimney sweeper.—"Please your Lordship's honor," said Hanson, "I lives in Vornwood street, and yorks at chimbly york, on my own account. The insult vot I got, happened on Vensday arternoon, ven this here good gentleman at the bar, comes and bustis in my door, and without a single vord, fetches me a vipe and knocks me clean under the table. Afore he had time to say nothing, he fetches me first von kick and then another, and at last stomps on me fairly.—"And did you do nothing," inquired Sir Chapman, "to provoke this violence?"—"Nothing as I know'd on," answered Hanson, "and this ain't the first time as he has given me a bit of a hiding, but I forgived him afore, at the instigation of his vife."—"What had his wife to do with the matter?" asked Mr. Hobler.—Hanson: Vy, you see His vife hacts as my housekeeper.—"Yes, please your Vertship," roared the grave digger, "that ere ugly warmint has seduced away the affections of my vife, and perwaded on her to abscond."—"Is that true?" said Mr. Hobler.—"No," answered the Sweep, "its werry false—Its true she stops with me, but I gies her 2s. a week and her wittles."—"I cotch'd em in the fact your Vorship," said the unlucky grave-digger.—"Oh you story," said the fair object of the chimney sweeper's affections, coming forward; in addition to a most awful squint, she sported a rich Kerry brogue. "I was obligated to lave him, plase your Wertship, for he bate the life out of me; and he's got another wife, bad luck to him."—"What is the nature of your duties in Mr. Hanson's establishment?" said Mr. Hobler to the woman. Mrs. Whackerell: I sees the boys get their wittles, and that they don't steal the sut clothes and sacks; and I keeps every thing clane and comfortable about Mr. Hanson. "I've got summet further to say," said Mr. Hanson. "Arter he'd licked me, he takes the liberty to look under my bed for his wife, but all I vonts is your Vorship to make him keep away, so as I can spend my life in peace and happiness."—"I'm agreeable to do that ere," said the grave-digger, "perwided he gives me back my wife: vich I consider in the natur of my property."—The Magistrate dismissed the case by requiring the defendant to enter into sureties for his good behavior.

Herald.

BOSTON.

Police Court.—William Tate appellant—C. C. Woodward respondent—Justice Whitman on the bench. This was an action for larceny.—Tate, being sworn, stated that he had $120 in bills, which he wished to exchange for Spanish dollars. After applying at several other places, he went into an office in Congress-street, and asked Woodward, who was sitting there, if he could change the money. Defendant answered that he could not, but would go out and get it changed elsewhere. This was about half past 11 o'clock. Tate waited in the office nearly an hour, when he began to suspect foul play. After some half hour more, the prisoner not returning, he locked the office door, put the key in his pocket, and went for a warrant. In answer to a question from the Bench, witness said that he had not seen the money since he gave it to defendant.

Here defendant interrupted him, demanding to know if he had not received the money back.—Tate replied that he had not. Mr. Constable J. Reed then produced a pocket-book, from which he took two bills, one of a hundred and one of twenty dollars, and exhibited them to the Court. Being sworn, he testified that he received the money of defendant, whom he found, after patient search, at a top of the tree Restaurateur luxuriating on boiled salmon, green peas, and *long bouchon*. Reed broached his business as delicately as a *bon vivant* broaches "white top," and suggested to defendant that he had no time to pick his teeth, as he was wanted "shortly."

On his mentioning the "cause why," the prisoner surrendered the money, expressing a hope that it might find its lawful owner, and accompanied Reed to the Police Office. After hearing the testimony, defendant being asked what he had to say for himself, he asserted his entire innocence of any fraudulent intention, and explained the matter as follows:

Tate came into the office and gave him the money; the clerk was absent, and he received it thinking to do "a good natured thing," although he was not in any way connected with the establishment. He asked Tate how much he expected to pay as premium of exchange, and was answered a dollar. He then went out in hopes of effecting a satisfactory negotiation with a neighboring broker, but finding the premium on specie much higher than he expected, he walked over to his residence at South Boston. After a short morning siesta he returned to the city, and dropt into the Cornhill Coffee House to get his dinner, not dreaming that Tate would expect his specie before 3 or 4 o'clock. At the table he received the first intimation of his forgetfulness, and although not very handsomely treated, he certainly would admit that he had been guilty of great negligence:—"the head and front of his offending had this extent—no more."

The Judge ordered him to be discharged. The testimony was not sufficient to convict him of intent to steal, although appearances, previously to his restoring the money, were much against him, and complainant certainly had cause to believe that it was his intention to credit him with the cash in *running* account. The Court, in dismissing the prisoner, good humoredly suggested that, as an act of grace, he should compensate Tate for the expense his forgetfulness had caused him; defendant replied that "it would be extremely inconvenient for him, as he was just now much pushed for money." On passing out of court, he observed to Tate, after expressing his mortification at the exceedingly awkward situation in which he had been placed by the operation of untoward circumstances, "Never come to me again to change money, for heaven's sake." Tate replied with characteristic shrewdness, "No.—I guess not." The Bench smiled and our reporter left the court.—*Transcript*

PHILADELPHIA

Grief and medicines act very differently on different constitutions. Falstaff said that sighing and grief blow a man up like a bladder. Instances are known where troubles have changed the hair to snowy whiteness in the course of one night, and have transformed the vigor of youth into the debility of old age. We have now to narrate a yet more singular effect of trouble on the mind, as exhibited in the case of Phineas Barlow. Well has the poet sung that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction." Yet we doubt whether the bard ever perused a police report, exemplifying the working of the human mind, with the fidelity of a rational treatise upon metaphysics. If he had done so, he would have seen fiction put out of countenance, and truth performing more wonderful vagaries than ever did Herr Cline, the Seiltanzer, upon the corda testa.—Phineas Barlow is a theme worthy of the attention of the most acute; and when his autobiography appears, we question whether a dry eye will be found in America. Sympathy will put a drop in every eye when future ages read this grief-worn Barlow's story. On Tuesday night Phineas was seen attempting to walk the street, but the wind being dead ahead, he tacked from one side to the other, partly on his hands and knees, and partly, where the side walks inclined sufficiently, by rolling. At last bump went Phineas into the murmuring gutter.

Here the watch interrupted him in his expedition, and inquired whither he went. Phineas sat up on end and stared wildly until the question was repeated.

"Where should I go," replied Phineas, "just tell me that. I ask you."

"I don't know, but I'll tell you where you will go, and that's to the watch us. Oh! if I aint ashamed of you! You are tipsy."

"Ha!—you don't say so! No, I am not drunk, unless my tears have made me so. I am only troubled in my mind, and it affects me very much in my hinsides. My wife: that's it. She kicked me out this very night. She hasn't given me a bit to eat these two days, and—"

"You made it up by drinking?"

"No. I tell you, I am troubled in my mind. Molly Barlow's heart is as hard as my fate. She drinks all the liquor to keep me from being drunk, as she says; and gives all the victuals to the children to make me spry. Look here how my bones tear my clothes. My coat is like a cullender, and my pantaloons are a map of the world. Calvin Edson is fat to me."

"Sharp's the word, then, Mr. Henpeck?"

"Molly is a sword of sharpness. She cuts up my happiness, and all my pantaloons to make jackets for the boys. Oh, crikee! crikee! what will become of me! I am very much troubled in my mind."

"You are my prisoner—come along."

"I can't—I am troubled in my mind, and it affects me internally."

A wheel-barrow was procured, and the man of woe was trundled away. Them vot knows do say that his bones cut the barrow dreadfully.—Grief blunts every faculty, except a man's bones. Phinney was disposed of according to Gunter and the rule of three.—*Phil. Pennsylvanian.*

A Love Affair.—A neat little gentleman named Peregrine Brush, the very beau ideal of a band-box beau, and the personified aroma of a Cologne water bottle, fell by mischance into a scrape last Wednesday, which brought him into an unpleasant contact with the law. Peregrine, dainty Peregrine, has a story of love and woe attached to his name; and to explain it properly, it is necessary that we go back to the time when Cupid loosed his arrow smartly at Peregrine's heart. Last winter, Peregrine was invited to a tea-fight, as it is termed by the scoffers at elegant refinements, but more properly entitled a party. An intimation was dropped to him that Miss Euphemia Rosebud, a young lady who had finished her education, and who was worth the expectation of certain sums of money, would be present. This information set Peregrine all agog—he figged himself out in all the glories of his Sunday-go-to-meeting's, borrowed all the chains and rings that could be obtained by entreaty, slicked his hair flat to the skull with pomatum, and with his head hung by the ears upon his well starched shirt-collar, he made his appearance before Miss Euphemia. He certainly was too killing, as he sat upon a chair, behaving himself pretty, with a white pocket handkerchief, in the washer-woman's fold, laid upon his knee. But Perry did not feel so angelic as he looked—his face was hot, and his hands were cold—his mouth was as dry as a dust hole—and his heart, with a motion well known to the timid, bumped against his ribs until poor Perry was almost suffocated.

'Warm weather, Miss,' said Perry, all of a sudden, coloring a yet deeper crimson.

'Nan?' said Miss Euphemia, placing her hand to her ear, after the fashion of a crier of oysters, and opening her eyes and mouth to the utmost as she turned sharply round to Perry.

'*Pooty* cool night, Miss, I calculate.'

'Yes, *pooty*,' said the lady. A pause ensued.

'Do you like jam spruce beer, Miss?'

'I expect,' said the lady, smacking her lips with a report like a nine-pounder.

'So do I,' said Perry.

Finding the lady so perfectly of his own mind, Peregrine mustered courage and played the agreeable for the rest of the evening so ably, that Miss Euphemia said that he was a genteelly fetched up young man, and cried to him as they earnestly conversed together, 'Do shut up, Mr. Brush, or I'll never speak to you the longest day I live'—a certain sign that Peregrine was in high favor. He conducted her to her home after the tea party broke up, which was far into the morning.

'Won't you walk in, Mr. Brush? Oh, what a sweet night!'

'You Feme?' squalled mamma, from the head of the stairs; 'are you going to stay jawr-ing there all night?'

'Lawks!' Mr. Brush, 'if there ain't the old woman, sputtering like a roasted apple. You had better mosey.'

'I am o-p-h. Won't you meet me round by the jail to-morrow night, you tempestual angelic?'

'That's tellings.'

'You Feme?' reiterated ma.

'Good evening!' roared little Perry, as he swaggered down the street, feeling at least as big as the Irish giant. He met the lady as by appointment, her father and mother discovered their loves, and Eupt emia was locked up. Perry, after much cogitation, resolved to serenade her, to keep his image fresh in her heart, which resolution was 'of woes the direful spring.' He placed himself under the window, and began with a doleful quaver—

'Lovely nymph! assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tinder swine'—

When he was suddenly sluiced with a bucket of water. 'I'll swine you, you catewauling little lump of mischief—clear out,' said a gruff imperious voice. Perry, though little, bears a heart as big as any man's; and shaking the water off like dew-drops from the lion's mane, he commenced a broadside of paving stones in reply to the cold bath. A battle royal ensued. Perry was taken, and each party talked of their assault and battery plea. The matter, however, was compromised; and Perry gives a knowing wink whenever it is alluded to, as if implying that, though fine words butter no parsnips, he knows what he is about. The lady is an only child, and the more her parents say she shall not have the pocket Apollo, Peregrine Brush, Esq. the more she will. Perry has been seen of late attending studiously, and talking learnedly about going to house-keeping.—*Ib.*

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments; thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,
Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st. opposite the Wall-street church.

*** VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

To Sportsmen.

CHEAP FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or without Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABRM. BROWER,
230 Water street.

L. I. COHEN.

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles, 74 William street New York.

SPORTING NEWS.

LAST WEEK'S MATCHES,

Over the Mount Vernon Trotting Course.

Communicated for the Spirit of the Times.

Wednesday, July 4th, 1832.

At the hour appointed Peacock and Dolly only came to the post, but the match was one of great interest and beauty. At starting 2 to 1 were freely offered on Dolly, but few takers, though the "knowing 'uns" the two last heats bet 3 to 1 on Peacock, and "came the queer" over the *flats*, many of whom "exhibited strong symptoms of emptiness" in the region of their wallets.

Peacock,	-	-	2	dead	1 1
Dolly,	-	-	1	dead	2 2

Time.—1st heat, 6m. 14s.; 2d, 6m. 10s.; 3d, 6m. 10s.; 4th, 6m. 9s.

Remarks.—Dolly took the 1st heat with the greatest apparent ease, but the three last were won by Peacock; the 2d and 3d heats he barely won by a neck, but the last without much effort, displaying great speed and bottom, as well as excellence in training.

Thursday, July 5th, 1832.

The match for this day was altered from trotting to pacing; Peacock again came to the *scratch* with Black Racker only for a rival, and the result is as follows:—

Peacock,	-	-	-	1	1
Black Racker,	-	-	-	2	2

Strawberry Hill, July 4th, 1832.

Friend Porter:

As you are ever anxious to enrich the columns of your amusing journal, by noticing the *Scenes of Real Life*, gathered from the every-day exhibitions of the world, allow me in this familiar way to address you, and to assure you of my determination to collect all the *news* relating to fashionable amusements which I may chance to meet with in my summer campaign.

Hunted from the city by the awful yell of Cholera! Cholera! a sound in my ears worse than that of the "death shot" to the hare, I packed up my "plunder," and ordered my Black Bess and Stanhope at the door of the "*American*" (the best hotel in New-York, by the by, and of which I shall speak in a future letter) precisely at 1 o'clock, P. M.

We started (that is, my intelligent Dandy Sambo on the left, with Rover at the wheels) in high spirits, considering the frightful pestilence that was sweeping along by our side—however, nothing daunted, Black Bess reached Burnham's in fine trim, and as 'tis impossible to drive her by the gate without entering the yard, I allowed her to look round among the *ton*, and snuff the "air of good society," while I amused myself with a glass of Anti-Cholera Julep. This done, and reseated, off she went, full of her flaunty gaits, to our worthy landlord *Batterson's*, at Strawberry Hill, whence I date this first epistle.

Oh! what glorious sport I found here! I soon forgot the Cholera, and leaving the Stanhope to Sambo, I leaped over the walls to reach the crowd assembled in the distant field. What think you so enraptured me, and called up all those pleasant associations of Fishing, Hunting, Racing, &c.? It was, my sporting friend, a Pigeon Match—and to have made the circle complete, and to have added sure more hearty fellow to it, you should have been present.

The match was between a spunky little Englishman and a fat, hearty, intelligent Yankee.—"Gad zooks!" said a raw 'un standing near, "I guess that are little feller of an Englishman's got a bit of the real *flint* about him, and I'll go ye three to one." "I'll stand ye," said another.—"Order, gentlemen, order," said a voice; "stand back from the line."

The Pigeons were now very wisely *picked* by the Englishman's friend, but the Yankee, wishing to show fair play, took them 'better or worse.' One after another was put into the trap, and one after another as prettily popped down to the sweet grass. The match was only fifty dollars a side, to kill twenty pigeons each and pull their own trap: yet it was all carried on so handsomely, and in such true sporting style, that every one wore a long face when No. 20 fell to the ground. A general shout went through the crowd on one side, and a low murmur on the other; and, friend Porter, which think you was the best shot, the Yankee or the full blood, ha?—The full blooded Englishman stepped lightly up, and relieved the '*Squire* of the cool fifty with as much *sang froid* as though it was brown paper.

This was rather too much for the Yankee to bear without grumbling, so, after whispering round a while, he stepped forward and with the usual spirit of his tribe, offered to stand the ground at any future day, and try his *luck* to a bet of any amount—fifty pigeons each. Here is a stump for some of your knowing 'uns to get over.

The Englishman fell nineteen out of the twenty, and the Yankee eighteen. The former had a single and the latter a double barreled percussion.

Thus ended my first excursion; and if you wish to hear from me again, say so, and I will write as long as the Cholera lasts and my life is spared—so, dear friend, adieu.

Yours, truly, &c. P. H. C

Mt. Vernon Trotting Course.

Race, Two Mile Heats for

PACERS, TROTTERS AND RACKERS.

A Saddle, Bridle and Martingale, will be contended for on THURSDAY, July 12th by any Horses of the above description, to commence at 5 o'clock.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.

It is the particular desire of the Sporting circle that the Purse may be hereafter collected at the Gate in the following manner:—Every horse will pay on going into the Course, and the receipts of the same to be kept exclusively for the Purses. No collection to be made on the Course as heretofore.

N. B. Matches every Thursday until notice is given to the contrary, in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." The results will be given weekly in the same paper.

Cholera Medicines

As prescribed according to the report of the Edinburgh Medical Board of Health, on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera—warranted Genuine to be had at 425 Pearl street where may be had any kind of Cholera medicines, warranted of the best quality.

Gold Balances.

PERSONS in the habit of purchasing English Gold, are informed, that the subscriber has just imported some superior BALANCES; they are very small, and particularly correct. Banks should never be without them. They will weigh Sovereigns and Halves, also Guineas, Halves and Thirds. S. J. SYLVESTER.

To Sportsmen.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—to all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new inventions for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the ocean and in fresh water—new directions for "dead shooting, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, fifth edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and in a "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 212 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

TO SPORTSMEN

OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky., which is said to be by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 19 JAMES MOORE.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle.—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Slitting Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,

No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church

*** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

Fishing and Fowling Tackle STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines, Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Nets—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Bigpot Flasks—Game Nets—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and cards—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

Hardware & Fishing Tackle STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 356 Pearl street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he will offer for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Pasic and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S *Military and Sportsmens*

WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
191 Broadway, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do Wings, and worsted do—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes; do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets, &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valises and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. Carter 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentlemen of the Turf in this this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 13 William street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors constantly. Coffee, Tea, and refreshments to be had at all hours. Wm. Hicks, 25 Nassau st.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THE public are respectfully informed that the Garden is open for the season. As it has been the wish of the proprietor to make the Garden a fashionable and agreeable place of resort for the respectable part of the community, he hopes that the decorations, embellishments, and general regulations, will be such as to render it worthy their patronage.

The Green House Plants are in the most healthy state and the largest collection of any public or private garden in the city. The Beds and Borders are highly ornamented with annuals, perennials, exotics, herbaceous and aquatic plants.

The embellishments have been got up without regard to expense. The paintings, classical, ornamental and transparent, are by the best artists, viz.: Messrs. Walker, Jones, Jackson, Grain, James and Son, Hannington, and others.

The South Garden is laid out and lighted in a superior style to that of any preceding season.—The Grand Walk and its magnificent illuminated Arches, so much admired last season, far exceed its former beauty; they are supported by twenty-four illuminated Lyres, entwined with wreaths of flowers of the most lively hues. The illusion is heightened by a correct perspective continuation of the extremity of the walk, which carries the bewildered eye through an illuminated Arcade, filled up with Egyptian Vases, filled with flowers. Still further, resting on beauties, the distance only decreases to increase the effect of the magic scene.

The commencement of the walk is decorated with a superb Mirror, of more than 300 square feet, so artfully arranged as to repeat the grandeur of the walk, and cause pleasing reflections to the admiring spectator.

The many thousand variegated lamps, tastefully arranged, apparently turns night to day—splendid Chinese Lanterns peep from among the trees—Vases of Flowers, the brilliant colors of which mock reality—supporters for variegated cut glass Globes, lighted with pure oil. Gas made on the premises.

The North Garden has been laid out entirely different, with considerable improvements. Orange and Lemon Trees, large Cape Jessamines, and Flowering Magnolias, form a complete grove, studded with pyramids of exotic and other plants. The whole is tastefully lighted up with Oil Gas, proceeding from twelve splendid pedestals, which have a most imposing appearance.

Suns, Glories, and Stars of variegated Lamps, also Chinese Lanterns, which shed a soft, beautiful, and chastened lustre over the meandering walks below them.

For the better and more effective display of the FIREWORKS this season, (which from various improvements in colors, procured from extremely rare materials discovered and imported by Mr. Feuchtwanger, Chemist, the Artist feels confident will be superior to any hitherto exhibited.)

A Fortress has been erected, from the battlements of which the various pieces will be fired.—Looking through the inner court of the Castle is seen a distant view of Mount Vesuvius, during the awful eruption of 1810.

In the north corner of this Garden is a splendid Painting, by Mr. Walker, late Artist at the Park Theatre. It represents a view of the ruins of a Gothic Chapel by moonlight, the distant view is Howth Light-house, Dublin, in Ireland. In the south corner is another splendid Painting by the same artist—it is a view in Venice, embracing the Ducal Palace and Terrace of Borregio, covering 1000 square feet of canvas.

The Grand Military Band which is full and effective, will delight the company every evening with a musical entertainment, worthy the approbation and applause they received last year from the thousands who heard them. When the evenings are at all cool, the Saloon can be enclosed and made comfortable to those who are afraid of the night-air.

Mr. Joseph L. Hays and other officers will be in attendance to preserve good order, and keep out all improper persons.

☞ Tickets of admission 12 1-2 cents.

A limited number of Season Tickets will be disposed of. For terms, apply at the Garden.

Commission and Exchange OFFICE,

130 BROADWAY.

S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c., payable in any part of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission business in all its branches, by

S. J. SYLVESTER.

LOTTERIES.

By the decrees of the Legislature of the state of New-York, the drawing of Lotteries in this state will soon expire, and with it it the opportunity of acquiring any more of those numerous fortunes which the New-York Lottery has so plentifully distributed.

Of the many venders who have been the happy dispensers of these prizes, none stand higher, if so high as the "all lucky Sylvester," who, not to go further back than the last few months, has actually sold and paid no less than two capital prizes of $30,000, three of $20,000, two of $15,000, one of $12,500, two of $10,000, and such a numerous list of $1,000's and others of lesser note that it would be perfectly tedious to enumerate them here.

This Lottery (the New-York Consolidated) has ever been the great favorite; and Sylvester calls the attention of his distant friends, patrons, and adventurers in general, to the foregoing facts, in order that due notice may be given of its approaching end, and, that full advantage may be taken of the many splendid and favorable schemes which are yet to be drawn before its final closing. Until that period arrives, a Lottery will be drawn as usual every Wednesday afternoon in this city—of which, full official schemes are always published in this paper.

The scheme for the 11th July, Class No. 23, containing four capital prizes of $10,000, is a decided favorite. It is known as Sylvester's Lottery, from the fact of his always selling the $10,000 prizes. Purchasers will do well to apply early, as tickets are already in great demand.

Again: the scheme for the 25th July, Class No. 25, is much approved by competent judges—but, where all are so good, it is almost presumptuous to particularize.

The subscriber, (who has permission to refer to the very first houses in the United States, and to the respectable Managers, Messrs. Yates & McIntyre of this city) begs to state that he makes a liberal deduction when a quantity or package is taken; and that now, as heretofore, all orders addressed to him are sure to meet with prompt attention. S. J. SYLVESTER.

New-York; Baltimore, Md.; Pittsburgh, Pa.

Booksellers, Jewelers,

AND DEALERS IN

FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO desire a neat and good article in this line (which is always the cheapest,) for retailing, are informed that they can always procure at the OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY of

Fine Pocket Books, Card-cases, &c.

from the subscriber's *GREAT ASSORTMENT* of

170 KINDS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 18 per doz.

LOOK FOR

T. BUSSING, *Manufacturer,*
70 WILLIAM STREET, New York.

Tableaux Vivans.

Athenæum Rooms, cor. of Broadway and Prince.

THE exhibition of animated portraits, together with many new optical illusions, will open for the first time to the public on Monday 18th inst. to continue every clear day, from 11 to 5 o'clock (Sundays excepted.) Entrance in Pine street. Admittance 25 cents. Season tickets 50 cents.

BEHEAN,

HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,
No. 411 Broadway, New-York.

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH, Proprietor of this celebrated and well known Summer Retreat, has the pleasure of informing his patrons and the public that it is now open for the season.

Since the close of the Garden extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs. P. Grain and Assistants.

The well known and justly celebrated Military Band, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dirks, as Leader, is re-engaged, and will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. every pleasant evening during the season.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents; for which refreshments will be furnished at the bar.

Vauxhall Garden.

THIS delightful Garden is now open for the season and brilliantly lighted every fair evening. A first rate band of music will perform from 7 to half past 10. Admittance to non-subscribers one shilling. N. B. The subscription book is now open at the garden. Family season tickets $5. The subscriber would respectfully state, that he has engaged for the season a superior Band, conducted by Mr. Frieghein, late leader of the Eighth Legion National Guards, Paris, who trusts by his exertions this summer to establish in this city the character he enjoyed as a Musician in Paris. Selections of Sacred Music from the most celebrated composers, every Sunday evening, in the Saloon. J. HUNT.

PAINTINGS.

THE celebrated Collection of Paintings, for fifteen years known in Paris as the *De Sauveville collection* is now publicly exhibited at the new Gallery, No. 271 Broadway, (entrance in Chambers street.)

It will present to the admiration of connoisseurs and amateurs, master-pieces of the first order from among the four schools.—Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and French; by Raphael, Titiano, Paul Veronese, Caracci, Guercino, Francesco, Biola, Fra-Bartolomeo, Carlo Dolce, Diego Velasquez, Morillo, Ruben's and Daniel Segheri, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Sneyders, de Koningh, Peneres, Claude Lorrain, Van Dyck, Lesslaer, &c. with a supplement of several fine Paintings by or after Guido, Caravaggio, Pomarancio, Casali, lately brought from Rome, by the Rt. Rev. D. I——

Admittance 25 cents—Children half price—Quarterly Tickets $1.

Catalogues, explicative and historical, 36 pp. in 12mo, 12 1-2 cts.

The room is open from 8 o'clock until dusk.

THE TWO HARES, by Paulus Potter.—This celebrated and wonderful picture is publicly exhibited in the back room of the Saleville's Gallery, Chamber-street.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price—quarterly tickets $1.

Description delivered gratis. The room is open from 8 o'clock until dusk.

COLTON'S LACON.

JUST published, a fine edition of LACON in one volume 12mo with notes. The following remarks on the work we find in a late publication:

"Rev. C. C. Colton.—This gentleman, the celebrated author of '*Lacon*,' recently committed suicide at Fontainbleau. As he has gone beyond the reach of either praise or censure, a sketch of the leading incidents of his life may not be uninteresting to the numerous readers of Lacon. He was a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and afterwards minister at Kew. For a while he was quite successful in his ministry: but he soon took to gambling and other extravagances, and became involved in debt, so that he was obliged to leave England. He came to the United States, where he continued some time, and then went to France. He there soon became a well known frequenter of the gaming saloons of the Palais Royal, and at one time acquired an immense fortune; but that reverse which so frequently befals gamblers overtook him, and he afterwards became miserably poor. He has been for about seven years living at Paris in the most pitiable circumstances, among what are denominated the hells, a living monument of the vice of gaming, and giving verity in the close of his unhappy career to the following sentiment which we find recorded in Lacon:

"'The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven.'

"He wrote in 1830 his celebrated 'Lacon,' which commanded universal admiration.

"Perhaps no work extant contains more moral truisms in fewer words. It has been considered a master-piece both in style and sentiment, and has been a model of imitation for more authors than any other work extant. Even the poor 'item' makers of the present day attach a double consequence to any wandering thought which may chance to resemble Lacon.

The work is published and for sale at 157 Broadway, and the principal booksellers.

C. P. FESSENDEN.

New-York, July 5, 1832.

S. J. SYLVESTER & Co.

No. 33 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

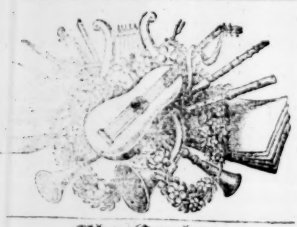
And Exchange Buildings, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MESSRS. YATES & M'INTYRE having succeeded in purchasing the grant of the Maryland State Lottery, a scheme of Class No. 8, to be drawn in Baltimore, on Saturday, July 7th is presented to our customers, for which we ask a consideration. Having an office as above, we shall be enabled to afford every facility to adventurers. Our friends in Ohio will perceive by the announcement in this paper, that we have been particularly successful within a fortnight, in sending prizes to Waverly, Sandyville, and Chillicothe. It was omitted to be stated, that in New-York, number six [illegible] 49, a prize of 1000 dollars was sent to Cleaveland.

It will be remembered that when $10 and upwards are remitted, postage need not be paid; but correspondents are urgently requested to send notes of as large denomination as possible; it frequently happens that the postage charge deprives us of all profit. Our friends are aware that when a package is sent, a deduction is always made from the full price, and when a certificate is ordered, the difference between the cost and warranty need only be forwarded. It is respectfully suggested to adventurers, that by ordering certificate, whether of package or loose tickets, they will save themselves much return postage—in such cases the tickets are always sealed up and held for the benefit, and subject to the order of the buyer.

☞ S. J. Sylvester is regularly Licensed by the several States in which he has offices. All tickets sold by him will be paid on demand, in New-York, Pittsburgh, and by any of the Managers Agents in the United States.

Adventurers in the country forming clubs of the purchase of Lottery Tickets, (by sending their orders directed to this office) will be dealt with on very liberal



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

THE CONJUGAL KISS.

During the first years of matrimony, it approaches, according in circumstances, and the dispositions of the individuals, to the character of the kiss amatory. Othello, when he rejoins his "fair warrior," at Cyprus, is still the lover. For a time his bliss is speechless; but as soon as he finds words—

> If it were now to die,
> 'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
> My soul hath her content so absolute,
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate.

Imogene's meditations upon the kiss of which her cruel step-mother had defrauded her, though an intensely passionate, have still more of the lover than the wife:

> I did not take my leave of him, but had
> Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
> How I would think on him, at certain hours,
> Such thoughts and such; or, I could make him swear
> That she of Italy should not betray
> His interest and his honor; or have charged him
> At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
> T'encounter me with orison; (for then
> I am in heaven for him;) or ere I could
> Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
> Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father;
> And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
> Shakes all our buds from growing.

It is in Coriolanus that we find the pride, depth and glory of the kiss of wedded love best exemplified. In the Volscian camp, he at first affects to receive his wife and mother coldly. "These ceres are not the same I wore in Rome." But nature will not be gainsayed:

> Like a dull actor now
> I have forgot my part, and I am out
> Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
> Forgive my tyranny, but do not say,
> For that, "Forgive our Romans." Oh, a kiss!
> Long as my exile—sweet as my revenge!
> Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
> I stolen from your lips, and have
> Holds virgin'd it ever since.

THE KISS OF FRIENDSHIP.—The kiss friendly is extremely graceful among girls. Among men we cannot endure it. Great rough beards restlessly lavering each other, is enough to turn one's stomach. For this reason, and because we esteem it a desecration of the ordinance to make a woman's lips common to every stray salutomer, we are adverse to the "salute," (using the word in its old English acceptation,) which still retains the accustomed mode of greeting on some parts of the continent, "What you've touched you may take."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—It is easy to picture how the mother's instinctive love must grow, in the scent of a worthy object, with every succeeding year; how the beautiful or manly form, the warm generous heart, and the frank bearing must heighten and ennoble her affection. It is impossible to imagine the full extent of a mother's agony, when deprived of such an object. "My son, my son, my beautiful, my brave!" Rachel weeping over her infants, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not, is a faint type of such a desolation. Yet there have been mothers, who, when their country or their faith called for the sacrifice, would stamp a dying kiss on their son's brow, and motion forth—there was no voice, nature so far resisted her supremacy—to the battle or to the stake.

TRAGEDY IN REALITY.

We have just read, in the Journal du Havre of the 10th ult, which a friend placed in our hands, an account of a tragic incident, merely French, which occurred a few days previous at Paris.

M. R——, a student at law, was admitted to the house of Mde H——, the mother of an intimate friend, and introduced to her daughter, a young lady, nineteen years of age, and of great beauty. He addressed her, won her affections, and asked her in marriage. Mde H—— gave her consent to the union of her daughter, to her friend's friend. The father of M. R——, opposed obstacles, but advised him to wait until he was admitted to the bar. His mother, however, positively refused her sanction, alledging that he was too young, being not yet twenty-one years of age.

On a Friday, Mlle H——left her mother's house, under pretext of going to a neighbouring house to make some purchase, but did not return—search was made for her, but she could not be found. No one thought of M. R——, as they were far from supposing that he knew any thing of the circumstance. On Saturday, however, they were informed that he had not been at his father's house for forty-eight hours, where he usually went every day. Mlle H——'s brother went immediately to his friend's lodgings, but was told that he was not at home. On Sunday, after other fruitless enquiries, M. H—— called another visit to M. R——'s residence, and again told that he was not at home. He insisted, however, on going to his chamber. He listened at the door, and thought that he heard groans. He knocked, but no one answered. He called, but received no reply. He watched for some crevice through which to look, but all were closed. He sent for the commissary of police, and the door was broken open. On the bed, dressed as when she left her mother's house, lay his unhappy sister, in the agonies of death, breathing her last sigh! On a chair, near the bed-side, sat M. R——, in violent convulsions. In the middle of the floor were three chafing dishes. On Thursday, M. R—— had procured a quantity of charcoal, and the night after Mlle H—— left her mother, contracted a double suicide by suffocation. The door being imperfectly closed, the external air was admitted, and the attempt frustrated. The next day M. R—— went out and purchased more charcoal, which he carried home in a pillow-case, and the lovers again made preparations for self-destruction.

Immediately after the door was opened, physicians were called, who exerted all their skill to revive them, but Mlle H—— died in their arms! M. R—— was so far recovered as to become conscious of what had happened, but only one thought seemed to occupy his mind. He saw his mistress dying—he called her by name, and seemed to dwell only on the horror of surviving her. She died—his senses immediately fled, and he was carried to the Hospital of Beaujon.—Letters, written by them, were found on a table, stating their motives for committing a deed of horror. They feared lest they should be separated, and could not bear the thought of it. They chose rather to die together. A will was found, written by M. R——, signed by both, declaring their last request that they could not be united during life, that might be after death. They desired that their coffins should be changed—their bodies placed in the same coffin, and buried in the same grave.

The Hospital of Beaujon, was made the prison, and then the asylum of M. R——, and if he recovers his senses, it will be to answer to the charge of murder. *Transcript.*

The fangs of a bear, and the tusks of a wild boar, do not bite worse, and make deeper gashes, than a goose quill sometimes; no, not even an hedge-hog himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his life, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his teeth meet, and the bones crack.—*Howell.*

A DISCOVERY.—Having lately tested the value of a newly discovered *Mouse Trap*, which, for simplicity of construction and certainty of entrapping its victims, is, in our opinion, unrivalled, we are induced to communicate the secret to the public in order that all may have an opportunity of effectually ridding their houses of such troublesome and unprofitable *boarders* as mice. Take a tea cup or bowl, and having fastened a piece of cheese therein wih butter or any other substance in which it will remain, place the cup or bowl in such a position against the wall of the room or closet where mice are known to visit, that when they attempt to remove the bait the trap will instantly fall upon them. By this method, to our own knowledge, a room that had before been much infested with mice, was cleansed of them in one morning, two having frequently been caught at once under the same trap.

TO TRAVELLERS.—Our city now offers many inducements to travellers to "tarry a while with us." The public houses are of the first order, where all the luxuries and comforts of the season can be obtained at a reasonable rate. The salubrity of the air, and the healthy situation of the city must recommend it to all who are in pursuit of pleasure or of health. We are as it were the half-way house, between the great cities of New York and Boston, to either of which places travellers can be transported in a few hours on any day in the week. The navigation of the beautiful bay at the foot of the city is rendered delightful by some of the best steamboats in the world, which are daily plying between this place, Newport, Bristol and Fall River. The scenery of the Narragansett Bay is truly delightful, as all who have sailed around and among the Islands with which it is studded can testify to. Those who are fond of hunting and fishing, of riding and sailing, can have abundant amusement by residing a short time in Providence.—*Journal.*

ENGLISH WOMEN.—In "negligence," and when they move at ease in their houses, and in their accustomed circle, young English women appear to great advantage; in "parure" and large parties scarcely ever; for an uncontrollable timidity, destructive of all grace, so paralyses even their intellectual powers, that rational conversation with them would certainly be a most difficult matter to obtain. Of all the women of Europe, I therefore hold them to be the most agreeable and "comfortable" wives; and, at the same time, the most incapable of presenting themselves with grace, address, or presence of mind, and the least fitted to embellish society. In this judgment the praise far outweighs the censure.—*Prince Puckler Muskau.*

THE UNKNOWN DOCTOR.

In our last we mentioned that a man leading three horses was passing through our streets prescribing for Cholera, with considerable success. We have since learned that his name is Stephen Ayres, a native of New Jersey; that he studied medicine under Dr. Rush, at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, at which place he graduated as a physician. In the course of his life he entered into speculations connected with gold mines in the Carolinas, which proved unproductive, he afterwards went to the western country. Hearing that valuable mines were discovered in Canada, he came into these provinces to visit them in hopes probably of entering into a speculation with some capitalist in working them; and hearing that the Cholera was raging in Montreal, he hastened to this city where he hoped his services would be useful. His presence has inspired a wonderful confidence among the lower orders and many of the best informed have confidence in the efficacy of his prescriptions. He has been attended by a crowd sometimes exceeding 400 people, and has been very assiduous in his visiting duties since he commenced. He takes no payment, but expresses a hope that the persons he may cure, will assist him to travel to some other city where his presence may be required. His dress bespeaks wretchedness. He wears an old shabby hat, and a coat resembling an Indian blanket coat, torn in several places, has long hair tied behind, large black whiskers, and a long black beard, a squalid aged countenance, with the under lip projecting outward. In his gait he resembles a backwoodsman of the far "west," is about five feet eight inches high, and about 58 years of age. Upon enquiring among his patients we have reason to think he has been as successful as any of our regular practitioners, and has cured some apparently hopeless cases. An idea that he was a *saint*, sent to save them in this dreadful time, spread among the uneducated classes and banished their former fears, which has proved of essential service in inspiring proper courage to meet the evil.—*Montreal paper.*

FLYING FISH.

"Perhaps there is not any more characteristic evidence of our being within the tropical regions, one, I mean, which strikes the imagination more forcibly, than the company of those picturesque little animals, if it be correct so to call them, the flying-fish. It is true, that a stray one or two may sometimes be seen far north, making a few short skips out of the water, and I even remember seeing several close to the edge of the banks of Newfoundland, in latitude 45°. These, however, had been swept out of their natural position by the huge gulf-stream, an ocean in itself, which retains much of its temperature far into the northern regions, and possibly helps to modify the climate over the Atlantic. But it is not until the voyage has fairly reached the heart of the torrid zone that he sees the flying-fish in perfection.

"No familiarity with the sight can ever render us indifferent to the graceful flight of these most interesting of all the finny, or rather, winged tribe. On the contrary, like a bright day, or a smiling countenance, or good company of any kind, the more we see of them, the more we learn to value their presence. I have, indeed, hardly ever observed a person so dull or unimaginative, that his eye did not glisten as he watched a shoal, or it may well be called, covey of flying-fish rise from the sea, and skim along for several hundred yards. There is something in it so very peculiar, so totally dissimilar to every thing else in other parts of the world, that our wonder goes on increasing every time we see even a single one take its flight. The incredulity, indeed, of the old Scotch wife on this head is sufficiently excusable. 'You may hae seen rivers o' milk, and mountains o' sugar,' said she to her son, returned from a voyage, 'but you'd ne'er gar me believe you hae seen a fish that could flee!'

"I have endeavored to form an estimate as to the length of the ir flights, and find two hundred yards set down in my notes about the longest; but, I think, subsequent observation has exploded the space. The amiable Humboldt good-naturedly suggests, that these flights may be mere gambols, and not indicative of the flying-fish being pursued by their formidable enemy the dolphin. I wish I could believe so; for it were much more agreeable to suppose, that at the end of the fine sweep which they take, at the height of ten or twenty feet above the surface, they may fall gently and safely on the bosom of the sea, than pop full into the voracious jaws of their merciless foe.

"I have already mentioned, that the longest flight of these singular fish is about an eighth of an English mile, or two hundred yards, which they perform in somewhat more than half a minute. These flights vary from the extreme length mentioned above to a mere skip out of the water.—Generally speaking, they fly to a considerable distance in a straight line in the wind's eye, and then gradually turn off to leeward. But sometimes the flying-fish merely skims the surface, so as to touch the tops of the successive waves, without rising and failing to follow the undulations of the sea. There is a prevalent idea afloat, but I know not how just it may be, that they can fly no longer than their wings or fins remain wet. That they rise as high as twenty feet out of the water is certain, from their being sometimes found in the channels of a line-of-battle ship; and they frequently fly into a 74-gun ship's main-deck ports. On a frigate's forecastle and gangways, also, elevations which may be taken at eighteen or twenty feet, or more, they are often found. I remember seeing one, about nine inches in length, and weighing not less, I should suppose, than half a pound, skim into the Volage's main-deck port just abreast of the gangway. One of the maintopmen was coming up the quarter-deck ladder at the moment, when the flying fish, entering the port, struck the astonished mariner on the temple, knocked him off the step, and very nearly laid him sprawling.

"I was once in a prize, a low Spanish schooner, not above two feet and a half out of the water, when we used to pick up flying fish enough about the decks in the morning to give us a capital breakfast. They are not unlike whitings to the taste, though rather firmer, and very dry. They form, I am told, a considerable article of food for the negroes in the harbors of the West Indies. The method of catching them at night is thus described:—In the middle of the canoe a light is placed on the top of a pole, towards which object it is believed these fish always dart, while on both sides of the canoe a net is spread to a considerable distance, supported by out-riggers above the surface of the water: the fish dash at the light, pass it, and fall into the net on the other side.

"Shortly after observing the cluster of flying fish rise out of the water, we discovered two or three dolphins ranging past the ship, in all their beauty, and watched with some anxiety to see one of those aquatic chases of which our friends the Indiamen had been telling us such wonderful stories. We had not long to wait, for the ship, in her progress through the water, soon put up another shoal of these little things, which, as the others had done, took their flight directly to windward. A large dolphin, which had been keeping company with us abreast of the weather gangway at the depth of two or three fathoms, and, as usual, glistening most beautifully in the sun, no sooner detected our poor dear little friends take wing, than he turned his head towards them, and, darting to the surface, leaped from the water with a velocity little short, as it seemed, of a cannon ball. But although the impetus with which he shot himself into the air gave him an initial velocity greatly exceeding that of the flying-fish, the start which his fated prey had got enabled them to keep ahead of him for a considerable time.

"The length of the dolphin's first spring could not be less than ten yards; and after he fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forwards with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the merciless pursuer seemed to stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, while his brilliant coat sparkled and flashed in the sun quite splendidly. As he fell headlong on the water at the end of each huge leap, a series of circles were sent far over the still surface, which lay as smooth as a mirror; for the breeze, although enough to set the royals and top-gallant studding sails asleep, was hardly as yet felt below.

"The group of wretched flying-fish, thus fatally pursued, at length dropped into the sea; but we were rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and scarcely sunk in it, at least they instantly set off again in a fresh and even more vigorous flight. It was particularly interesting to observe that the direction they now took was quite different from the one in which they had set out, implying but too obvious that they had detected their fierce enemy, who was following them with giant steps along the waves, and now gaining rapidly upon them. His terrified pace, indeed, was two or three times as swift as theirs.

"The greedy dolphin, however, was fully as quick-sighted as the flying fish which were trying to elude him; for whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he lost not the tenth part of a second in shaping a new course, so as to cut off the chase, while they, in a manner really not unlike that of the hare, doubled more than once upon their pursuer. But it was soon too plainly too be seen that the strength and confidence of the flying fish were fast ebbing. Their flights became shorter and shorter, and their course more fluttering and uncertain, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin appeared to grow more vigorous at each bound. Eventually, indeed, we could see, or fancied we could see, that this skilful seasportsman arranged all his springs with such an assurance of success, that he contrived to fall, at the end of each, just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying fish were about to drop! Sometimes this catastrophe took place at too great a distance for us to see from the deck exactly what happened; but on our mounting high into the rigging, we may be said to have been in at the death; for then we could discover that the unfortunate little creatures, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards.

"It was impossible not to take an active part with our pretty little friends, of the weaker side, and accordingly we very speedily had our revenge. The middies and the sailors, delighted with the chance, rigged out a dozen or twenty lines from the jib-boom-end and spritsail yard-arms, with hooks baited merely with bits of tin, the glitter of which resembles so much that of the lady and wings of the flying fish, that many a proud dolphin, making sure of a delicious morsel, leaped in rapture at the deceitful prize.

"It may be well to mention, that the dolphin of sailors is not the fish so called by the ancient poets. Ours, which, I learn from the Encyclopedia, is the Corvphena hippurus of naturalists, is totally different from their Delphini phocaenæ, termed by us the porpoise. How these names have shifted places, I know not, but there seems little doubt that the ancient dolphin of the poets, I mean that on the back of which Dan Arion took a passage when he was tossed overboard, is neither more nor less than our porpoise. For the rest, he is a very poetical and pleasing fish to look at, affords excellent sport in catching, and, when properly dressed, is really not bad eating."—BASIL HALL'S VOYAGES.

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To Emigrants.

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